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[THE] AUNT

AND

THE NIECE.

A Novel.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

1773

IN TWO VOLUMES.

"Stiff in the letter, lax in the design."

"If sensuality effeminates the mind, in bearing the reverses which must occur, *Ambition* renders its votaries still more miserable, by an irritating remembrance of the towering elevation from which they have fallen."

VOL. II.

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1173

CHAP. I.

WHEN our heroine had finiſhed her packing, ſhe equipped herſelf for the journey, and, throwing herſelf on a bed, attempted to ſleep, but in vain; her mind was too full, to allow even of tranſient repoſe, and at half paſt four, ſhe went into the drawing-room. Miſs Fitza[illegible] was up, and Letſom appeared, to carry her ſome coffee into her own chamber.

"I firmly believe she has be[illegible] all night, Ma'am," said Lawson; "[illegible] me away before she had undressed: [illegible] her wrapper, as I left her last night, [illegible] found her this morning."

Clara poured out the coffee, revolving in silence on the unaccountable mystery which attached to Miss Fitzallan's conduct. Precisely at five, the carriage drove to the door, and at the same moment its mistress descended the stairs. As she passed the drawing-room, she merely said, "Come, Miss Lawson," and, as if cautious of being seen and fearful of a moment's delay, she got into the carriage.

The morning was very dark; the rain descended in torrents; the generality of females would have been appalled and terrified at venturing out at such an hour and season. But we have already [illegible] proved to our readers that Miss Fitzallan was not a common female. [illegible] [illegible] elements seemed to pass unobserved by her; or, perhaps, the contending passions [illegible] [illegible]

n breast, were of so preponde- nature, that every outward storm tranquil in the comparison. She threw herself in gloomy and solemn taciturnity against the back of the vehicle.

Once, as Clara caught a glance of her, from the light afforded by the lamps, she could perceive that her eyes, and her whole countenance, were covered by her handkerchief. Young to the world—unused to travelling—revolving on the frightful image of the enveloped stranger, as it constantly presented itself to her fancy—awfully struck by the seemingly portentous change of her companion—imagining the death-bed of a loved and respected friend—picturing the anxiety and distress of an only parent—chilled by the wet and cold—retreating at every moment further from him who had so peculiarly interested himself for her—and alive to the dangers of darkness, and to the hazard of travelling in such weather, and at such hours, our heroine's fortitude was utterly subdued; her heart shrunk within her; all

hope seemed to die away, a sigh of fear, regret, and desponden from her bosom. But remembering the darkness is no darkness with Him who causes it—that His eye can pierce through the veil of night, and through the obscure gloom of despondency, she offered up her mental ejaculations, and prayed for help, for faith, and confidence! The light of day diffused a ray of cheerfulness through her frame; the rain abated; and, though Miss Fitzallan was still lost in thought—though a single enquiry, or a short monosyllable was all she uttered, her companion tried to resume her self-possession.

Our travellers pursued their journey uninterrupted. Miss Fitzallan intimated her intention of travelling all the night. Clara did not dissent; and when evening came, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, she fell asleep, and enjoyed some hours of comparative repose. Just as the day began to break, the lofty turrets of the Castle were seen gradually rising from amidst the trees

d it. Miſs Fitzallan's ſigh bled a groan, as Clara pointed , while no ſpeed could keep pace the wiſhes of that Clara, now ſhe was o near her deareſt mother; and ſhe was almoſt ready to ſpring out of the carriage, thinking her ſpeed could exceed that of the fleet animals which drew her along. As they entered the park-gates, as her eyes haſtily glanced over the cottage of her infancy, a thouſand ſtrong localities aſſailed her, and the tears forced their way down her cheeks: local emotions, too, ſeemed to agitate the boſom of Miſs Fitzallan, but of a contrary nature; while Clara's eyes ſtrained to catch a lingering look of the receding cottage. Catherine no ſooner glanced that way, than turning as if with horror from the ſight, her eyes fell on her lap, and ſhe never lifted them again, till ſhe had left it far behind. The cottage ſtill bore the traces of neatneſs and comfort, but the garden ſeemed neglected; the caſements were cloſed by the ſhutters, and Clara had ſeen evident marks of

of her mother's strict att
Fitzallan. The bell of Fitzallan

"Flung to the hollow gale its loud lament."

"It is the stroke of death!" the
Clara. A look of dismay sat on the countenance of Catherine; perhaps at that moment a spark of natural affection might revive at her heart.

"I fear I am too late," said she; she then added, in a firmer tone, "Perhaps it is as well;" but, catching the surprised eye of Clara, she added, after a pause—"We are both spared the conflicts of a final parting."

Clara could not answer. She listened only to the deep-toned bell; she thought only of the last separation of the soul from the body!—she thought only of the scenes which her mother had witnessed, of the trials which she must have encountered!

The carriage now drove up the avenue. The door of it was immediately opened, whilst the astonished domestics were running to and fro, as they witnessed the unexpected return of their mistress. Mrs. Jervis appeared at the

the hall-door; her eyes were red with weeping.

"My mother, my dear mother! where is ſhe?" eagerly aſked Clara.

"Will you not let me enquire after *my* mother of my own ſervant, Miſs Lawſon?" ſaid Catherine, in a reproachful accent.

"Ah, Madam!" anſwered the houſekeeper, burſting into tears, "all pain and ſuffering are at an end; my Lady reſts in peace."

"When did ſhe die?" aſked Catherine.

"The morning before yeſterday, Madam."

"The bell, then—for whom does it go now?"

"For one who loved his Lady, and who was well pleaſed with the ſummons of the Almighty, now ſhe was gone before. Old Geoffery, Madam, departed very ſuddenly this morning, about four o'clock."

Catherine's eyes ſeemed to brighten at this intelligence.

Mrs. Jervis heaved a ſigh, and whiſpering Clara, ſaid—"Your good mamma, my dear,

worn out by fatigue and fuffering, is juft gone to lie down. She was called up to witnefs the laft moments of her fincere friend, Geoffery."

Clara was running off, when, checking herfelf, fhe faid—"But the unexpected furprife—I fear to go unannounced."

"True, my dear young lady, I will prepare the way," faid Mrs. Jervis.—"Your pardon, Madam, for a moment."

"Oh, certainly," faid Catherine, refuming her ufual *hauteur*; "I find I am not the firft here."

Mrs. Jervis's heart was too warm in the introduction of the daughter to her mother, to fuffer her to hear this fpeech; and in a few moments Clara and Mrs. Lawfon were weeping in each other's arms.

Poor Angelina had indeed been tried feverely in the fchool of adverfity; her affectionate heart could not fee the gradual diffolution, and the bodily fufferings of Lady Fitzallan, without the moft acute pain. The indifference, and unfeeling behaviour of her daughter

daughter had cut Lady Fitzallan to the ſoul; her complaints had often been uttered to her friend; and, though blaming herſelf for a too great indulgence in her infancy, and deeply ſenſible of her erring mode of education, with all her patience, and ſubmiſſion to the chaſtiſements of the Almighty, ſhe could not help ſaying—

"Oh my deareſt Mrs. Lawſon! had my rederic lived—had it pleaſed Heaven to e ſpared him, I ſhould ſtill have had a ld—a duteous child! You may have n told that he was extravagant, wild, ntious. Alas! his faults were all exaggerated, and to the miſplaced confidence of Sir Hugh and myſelf, to our choice of a preceptor!—Clifford was a villain!" would ſhe ſay, graſping the arm of Angelina; "he was a conſummate villain!—He was the murderer of my Frederic!"—That Angelina's eyes—her heart—her whole ſoul bore witneſs to theſe words, our readers will believe; and her ſtrong emotion often warned her more tranquil companion to diſcontinue the

the ſubject. And yet would Lady Fitzallen ſometimes add—

"Theſe are not the emotions I ought to indulge—theſe are not the expreſſions for me to uſe: a mortal, on the verge of entering the preſence of her Judge, ought to employ her time in pleading mercy for herſelf, not in arraigning the conduct of another. All reſentful emotions ſhould be conquered; every unruly paſſion ſhould be extinct; and I ſhould imitate His bright example, who prayed even for his murderers!"

The piety and reſignation of Lady Fitz-allan in her laſt moments, ſhewed to Angelina once again, how a Chriſtian could die; and while ſhe thought of the cloſing hours of Sir Hugh Fitzallan's life, ſo compoſed, ſo peaceful, ſo like thoſe of his Lady, ſhe could almoſt have exclaimed—"They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they ſhall not be divided."

A few hours before Lady Fitzallan's diſ-ſolution, as Angelina was tenderly ſupporting her

her in her arms, and Mrs. Jervis was holding a cordial to her parched lips, ſhe ſaid—

"Thank you, my good friends; thank you, my beſt, *beſt* Mrs. Lawſon—my more than daughter. Oh, if it had pleaſed Heaven to have given me ſuch a daughter--had you been the wife of my Frederic—had your Clara been mine alſo!"

Mrs. Lawſon gently let Lady Fitzallan fall from her ſupporting arms; ſhe ſank on her knees at the bedſide, pale and trembling. Mrs. Jervis took her place.

"I am! I am!" cried the ſobbing Angelina: ſhe wrapped her head in the bed-clothes.

"Tell her, for mercy's ſake tell her," whiſpered Mrs. Jervis, claſping the cold hand of Angelina in her's. Recollection—fortitude returned; Angelina was ſilent.

"Mrs. Lawſon, where are you?" aſked Lady Fitzallan. "I am very blameable; I indulge my unavailing lamentations, and forget how I am torturing your feelings."

Angelina eagerly kiſſed the extended hand of Lady Fitzallan. Mrs. Jervis looked diſappointed; but Mrs. Lawſon congratulated herſelf on her ſpeedy return to reaſon, and had reſolution to ſteel her mind againſt any ſimilar ſurpriſe.

A paralytic ſeizure had been the ſignal to poor old Geoffery. With trembling confidence he awaited the ſummons; and though he lived only twelve hours after, he bleſſed Heaven that his ſenſes were ſtill left him. Mrs. Lawſon's preſence ſeemed to animate his dying moments; he deſired her to open his will, and to take care of his little property.

"For the ſake of your child," added he, "Oh Madam! accept my little ſavings in truſt for her!"—Angelina was going to ſpeak. —"Ah! I know what you would ſay; but, Madam, I wrong no one by this diſpoſal. I have no relations; old Geoffery has outlived all his kindred, all his friends, except you, Mrs. Lawſon, and the honeſt companion of nearly

fifty years' fervitude, to whom I have bequeathed a fmall mark of my efteem :—you know, Madam, whom I mean—Mrs. Jervis."

"My generous friend, you have been my preferver from defpair—from deftruction perhaps," cried Angelina. "Oh Heaven! hear the prayer of the friendlefs, and reward thee according to thy deferts!"

"My deferts have been but few, I fear," faid Geoffery. "Upright intentions, honefty, and fincerity, I have adhered to in my conduct, except in one—*two* inftances," faid he, paufing. "You know the firft—the laft, Madam, you will alfo know when you open this bit of folded paper. Though deceit is feldom juftifiable, yet I can fafely fay that I never felt a moment's compunction for that I practifed; for when I faw my Lady fmile on you, and Sir Hugh look fondly on Mifs Clara,"——He paufed.—"But it could not be; all natures are not alike; Mifs Catherine's heart is not like her mother's."

Poor Geoffery gafped for breath; but he

collected

collected himſelf once again, raiſed himſelf in bed, and deſired Angelina and Mrs. Jervis to join with him in prayer.

We will not dwell longer on theſe ſcenes; and though ſuch is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that we are tranſported almoſt inſtantaneouſly from the gay regions of diſſipation and folly, to death-bed ſcenes and the houſe of mourning; yet we are not diſpoſed to argue the point like Sterne, and deny that the latter is the better of the two; becauſe we hope that it maketh the heart better. But if any of our gay readers ſhould diſſent from us, which is by no means unlikely, let them return to Bath—but N. B. it muſt not be with *us*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

MISS Fitzallan paid rather a cold compliment of thanks to Mrs. Lawſon for her attendance on her mother, and then hinted that ſhe would wiſh to indulge her grief without witneſſes. Nothing could have been more conſonant to the wiſhes of Angelina—ſhe longed to have her daughter at the cottage, all her own, but knew not how to make the propoſition.

At the cottage, then, Clara gave her whole hiſtory to the partial ear of her mother. Thankful for her candid openneſs, Angelina anxiouſly heard her recite her converſations with Horace Fairfax; but ſhe guarded her

her againſt the too ſanguine indulgence of hope; ſhe painted the verſatility of youth, the fickleneſs of its attachments—ſhe pointed out the dependance of Fairfax on his father, the probability of his withholding his conſent to ſo unequal a match, and the miſery which invariably awaited clandeſtine engagements.

Clara ſighed; her heart hoped—nay, it had been certain of better things!

"My love, my own Clara," ſaid Angelina, "do not think that I mean to blight all your fondeſt hopes; I would only caution you againſt a diſappointment that might deſtroy your happineſs. Opportunities will be frequently offered in Sir Herbert Manwaring's new reſidence, and his expected connection with Miſs Fitzallan, for his nephew to improve his acquaintance with you. If he ſpeaks to me—if he conſents to write to his father, and abide by his deciſion, then ſhall I with pleaſure, (ſhould the deciſion be favourable) bid my Clara countenance his addreſſes, and rejoice to ſee her

united

united to one who has discernment to appreciate her merits!"

Notwithstanding, Clara was as much in love as any heroine of seventeen and a half need be; yet she had sense and reason enough to acknowledge the force of her mother's observations: while the wickedness of the deceit which she had practised on her child and on the world, filled the bosom of Angelina for the first time with poignant remorse and regret!

"How could she let her Clara enter any family, without disclosing the tremendous secret of her birth? And how could any family consent to receive her, when that secret was disclosed? Perhaps, then," cried she, "Heaven has thought fit thus to punish me for living whole years in practised deceit. The sins of the parent will be visited on the child, and my *own* daughter may live to point out her mother as the authoress of her misery!"

These self-upbraidings were not to be subdued.

ſubdued, and in ſolitude and ſilence Mrs. Lawſon was a prey to mental miſery.

Clara, ſeeing that her mother's ſpirits continued to be very much depreſſed, with anxious ſolicitude recollected every ſcene and every incident which had paſſed at Bath, in order to amuſe her. Sometimes ſhe ſucceeded in "cheating her boſom of its cares;" at others, her tender intentions affixed only a deeper pang.

Angelina was much intereſted with Clara's deſcription of Miſs Maxwell. The unfeeling tyranny, the ignorant cruelty of Miſs Blumgrove were yet alive in her heart; and ſhe ſincerely pitied any one who was the victim and ſlave of her caprice. The ſudden departure of Catherine from Bath—the alteration which her behaviour had undergone—her private interview with the ſtranger, were all wholly inexplicable to Angelina:—it was evident that that interview had given a turn to her whole thoughts and actions, and that the ſtranger, whoever he might have been, was the ſole cauſe of this ſudden change.

The hint which Clara had once heard Lady Reynill give of Sir Herbert Manwaring's addiction to play—Horace Fairfax's declaration that intereſt only had actuated him in ſeeking an union with Miſs Fitzallan, made it appear probable that the ſtranger had, under the guiſe of ſecrecy, diſcovered his views and his character to Miſs Fitzallan, and that ſhe had adopted her plan in conſequence. But it was unlike the haughty Catherine, to fly from thoſe who had injured her; ſhe was more likely to meet them face to face, expoſe their machinations, and reproach them with their perfidy: and the inhabitants of the cottage were forced to acknowledge that all their conjectures appeared quite remote from the truth.

Mrs. Lawſon, with tears of gratitude, opened the will of poor old Geoffery. She there found her daughter poſſeſſed of eight hundred pounds, the fruit of many years' ſavings, added to the recent bequeſt of his maſter. Fifty pounds he had bequeathed Mrs. Jervis, as a proof of his friendſhip.

The

The will he had sealed in the presence of witnesses, and had expresly ordered it to be opened and read only by Mrs. Lawson or Mr. Sutton. This kind secrecy was explained to Angelina when she read the bequest, and saw that he had specified both the fictitious and the real appellations of herself and child, to make a certain provision against future contingencies; but her feelings surpassed all controul when she found that to the benevolence of Geoffery, to the assistance of his purse, she had been indebted for the comfortable income she had received from the funds; her own property had not been equivalent to more than half the purchase. This was the second deceit to which he had referred; and here too, anxious that every thing should be secure, he had caused the money to be funded in Angelina's proper name.

"Birth and education! what are your distinctions?" cried Angelina energetically, "when the heart of a servant—of a being born and bred in an obscure and dependant station,

ſtation, bears ſuch noble, ſuch tranſcendent traits of generoſity and ſuperior worth!"

Angelina poured out her whole ſoul in gratitude to Heaven, who had thus raiſed up a friend for her fatherleſs girl, and who, dependant himſelf, had thus benevolently enſured her independence!

While Clara wondered at the partiality which Geoffery had evinced for her, ſhe could not reconcile it to herſelf; it ſeemed ſo ſtrange, ſo wonderful, that he ſhould take it into his head to leave a ſtranger, one whoſe connections he was ignorant of, and whoſe character was ſcarcely fixed, his whole property. She bleſſed his goodneſs, however; ſhe was grateful to Heaven, as ſhe had now the power of enſuring to her mother a comfortable proviſion.

Both mother and daughter agreed in thinking that the cottage could not be much longer a tranquil aſylum to them, even if Catherine ſhould ſuffer them to remain in it, which was by no means certain. She had never taken any pains to conceal that Mrs. Lawſon's

Lawſon's intimacy at the Caſtle had, on her part, been merely an act of ſufferance; and while ſhe had found her uſeful, policy impelled her to behave with cold civility. All reſtraint would now be thrown aſide; the heireſs was entirely unſhackled, and every one expected her to take all the advantages of her ſituation.

To leave the cottage then, became the fixed determination of Mrs. Lawſon; yet as the idea of quitting it for ever, aroſe to her imagination, ſhe felt that her heart was yet to ſuſtain another trial. A variety of intereſting combinations attached her to Fitz-allan; it ſeemed as if the ſpirit of her Frederic had there, and there only, the power of looking down on his child; and to leave the ſhades where he had wandered, to quit the ſcenes of his infancy for ever, ſeemed almoſt to bid a laſt farewell to another friend!—

"The world was all before her, where to chuſe her place of reſt."

Yet the deſtiny of Clara muſt mark her's; and though Clara allowed the propriety of leaving

leaving the cottage, ſhe ſtill ſaw various reaſons for ſtaying till Sir Herbert Manwaring ſhould have taken up his reſidence at —— ; till ſhe had heard ſomething more of Horace Fairfax.

A month had elapſed from the death of Lady Fitzallan, and no invitation had yet been given to the cottagers from the heireſs; when one morning they heard from their ſervant, that Miſs Fitzallan's carriage, unattended, had paſſed the park-gates at a very early hour. About noon they ſaw it return; and though the velocity with which it paſſed, prevented their diſtinguiſhing accurately, they thought Miſs Fitzallan had a companion by her ſide. About an hour afterwards, Mrs. Lawſon received a verbal meſſage, to deſire her attendance at the Caſtle in the afternoon. As Clara's name was not included, it was judged proper for her to remain at home, and Angelina attended the ſummons alone. She had not long been gone, when the perſon, who daily brought letters from —— to the village and the

Caſtle,

Caſtle, delivered a letter at the cottage, directed for Clara. Much ſurpriſed, as ſhe had no correſpondent, ſhe haſtily broke the ſeal; but ſurpriſe was changed to undiſſembled pleaſure, as ſhe read the following lines.

CHAP. III.

THE LETTER.

"MY DEAR CLARA,

"THAT appellation may perhaps appear too familiar, but the ſincerity of it muſt be my excuſe; and for my life I cannot alter it. I had half a mind to quarrel with you, for ſo ſuddenly running away from Bath; but I recollected that the freaks of your ſtrange companion were wholly undefinable; and

and though her retreat was entirely unexpected, yet I rejoiced at it on *her* account, as the event terminated with the life of your friend, and consequently her daughter in part saved her credit with the world.

"I suspect that my uncle is not well pleased; I suspect, too, that he waits for the lady, to give the signal of his reattendance. He looks grave, and disappointed, but I am not let into the secret; and, what is more provoking still, Lady Plumtree herself declares that she also is in the dark. But away with such common-place topics—am I not addressing the mistress of my heart?—Am I not writing to Clara Lawson?

"Perhaps you thought me a very little maddish, when I so suddenly left you at our last interview; but the beam of light which fell from your eyes, as you uttered the words—'Are they difficult to comprehend?' almost blinded me, and at the same moment brought to my heart such a tumultuous flow of happiness, that I felt I could not stay, unless I expressed my feelings.—

Clara! your unaffected candour, and artless good sense, made an impression on my heart at our first meeting; at every succeeding one this was heightened; and the assured presumption of Darnley, while it wounded me to the quick, did not abate my preference.

"I have an indulgent father, trusted, confided in by him. It was my duty not to act, but with his permission; and very unlover-like, and not very much like a mad, hot-brained West Indian, I resolved to ask the paternal consent, before I laid myself at the feet of my fair!

"I left you, but I returned not to the ball—no, I sat down to write a history of my heart, and its emotions to a father! This was a difficult task; but I will venture to add, that he will discover my sincerity in my incoherent and disjointed style. The letter was dispatched, and then what was to be done? I was to wait for days, and weeks, and months, to visit, to meet Miss Lawson, and yet to hold my peace; and to see, if not Darnley,

Darnley, perhaps another pay his addreſſes, and receive her affection in return.

"This idea was not to be borne, and I determined to know my doom from your own lips, when my wonder-ſtruck uncle informed me of your diſappearance. I almoſt rejoiced at this intelligence, as from your cottage I knew all the Colonels and the Darnleys would be excluded; and I fancied I might bear exiſtence till I received an anſwer from my father. But dear, good man! as if he had ſeen into my ſoul, the laſt packet brought me a letter, which I have juſt peruſed, and from which I tranſcribe the following paragraph, grateful to the feelings of a ſon—doubly grateful to the ardent lover:—

'———— Unmanly tears almoſt force themſelves from my eyes, as I acknowledge, dear Horace, that your conduct has never given me a moment's pain. At your age, and with your feelings, now is the hour of trial. Give not way to the allurements of beauty, nor to the blind impulſe of paſſion. If

your heart feels a preference, see that the object be worthy; study her character; behold her mind rather than her person: you may make allowances for trifling defects, but do not overlook one sterling virtue. To see my son happily settled in the marriage state, is my earnest wish; and I care not if you marry a pennilefs bride, so she be rich in goodnefs, and be descended from worthy and respectable parents—one of my prejudices; perhaps it is—and be it so: but I think that families are peculiarly alike in their conduct and manners, as well as their persons; and I have observed that the vices and frailties of the parent are frequently discovered in the conduct of the child. After this observation, I may perhaps be guilty of self-love, when I again repeat—I glory in my son!'

"—————— Ah, Clara! is not this a full, a free consent? Is not your picture traced in my father's description of my wife, and do not the virtues of Mrs. Lawson shine with refulgent splendour in the form of her child!

child!—My father speaks of returning to England by the next fleet.—Oh say, shall he not unite the hands of his children?—I do not address you in the mock language of heroic love; I do not insult your good sense by bombastic and high-flown declamation; but I desire that you will believe my happiness will receive its colour from your answer; and I charge you, be merciful. If I have rightly translated your looks—if I have not been deceived by your gentle accents—— But hold—hold, my pen!—where am I going?

"Clara! shew this letter to your mother; let her examine it, and see if insincerity lurk in it, and let your answer be such an one, I charge you, as will transport me to the cottage. My uncle, I have told you, is not conversant in affairs of the heart; of course I have not made him my confidant, though I am still with him at Bath.

"Adieu, dear gentle—let me hope—let me add—adieu, *my* Clara!

"HORACE FAIRFAX."

CHAP. IV.

WHILE Clara is reading her letter, we will follow the ſteps of Mrs. Lawſon, who, as ſhe approached the Caſtle, felt a degree of alarm which ſhe could not account for, and a ſort of dread at meeting the fierce eye of Miſs Fitzallan. But ſhe blamed herſelf, when ſhe recollected that this was no new encounter, and that ſhe had long been uſed to witneſs, and to ſuffer the vaunting ſuperiority of her Frederic's ſiſter!

The footman, who uſhered her into the dining parlour, ſeemed ſtruggling with ſome wonderful intelligence; his countenance was full of expreſſion, but his voice was ſilent.

He

He flung open the door.—Catherine and a gentleman ſat near the fire; their backs were towards Angelina.

"Mrs. Lawſon," announced the ſervant. They both roſe. Catherine only advanced towards her.

"Mrs. Lawſon, I judged it neceſſary to inform you of my change of ſituation. I have this day beſtowed my hand on this gentleman."

Angelina lifted up her eyes.—She ſtarted. —"Clifford!" cried ſhe, uttering a piercing ſcream.

He ſtarted alſo.—"Angelina! Angelina Melroſs!"

"What, what is it you would ſay?" uttered Catherine, haſtily.—"Who, who is ſhe?"

"Oh ſave me, ſave me, Heaven, from my Frederic's murderer!" cried Angelina. "And is it thus," aſked ſhe wildly, "you revel in your brother's fortunes, by ſharing them with a villain—the worſt of villains?"

"Miſs Melroſs," ſaid Clifford ſarcaſtically, "do

"do you know that you are betraying yourſelf?"

"And you are the wretch who ruined Frederic Fitzallan—who lured him from the paths of virtue—in whoſe wretched cauſe he hazarded his life. You, the mock, puritanical Mrs. Lawſon, the gentle attendant on ſickneſs, the aſſiduous friend, the charitable, the humane—you are that ſhameleſs wanton, whoſe vices were as glaring as the noon-day ſun!" cried the enraged Catherine. "Viper, reptile, begone!—Take her away—take her away!" cried ſhe, ſtamping furiouſly, and pointing to her huſband.

Clifford attempted to obey; but no ſooner did he touch the arm of Angelina, than, with a wild ſhriek, ſhe ſprang from him, crying—"Contagion's in thy touch, barbarian!—thy hands are yet red with the blood of Frederic Fitzallan!—Oh mercy!—Save me, Heaven!" and ſhe ſunk ſenſeleſs on the floor.

Franticly ringing the bell, Catherine ordered the ſervants inſtantly to bear her away.

"Send

—"Send her inſtantly from the houſe, on pain of my eternal diſpleaſure!" cried ſhe.

"But ſhe is cold and lifeleſs," replied Mrs. Jervis, who was the only one who could unriddle th myſtery and, looking reſentfully at Clifford, ſhe added with great acrimony—"I ſhall not turn murderer!"

"I tell you, hu l he away," ſaid Catherine; "take her to her immaculate child, the baſe-born brat of infamy!"

"That child i your niece, Madam," ſaid Mrs. Jervis coolly.

"Out on your impertinence, old dotard!" cried Catherine.

"If I were in your place, my love," ſaid Clifford, "that inſolent menial ſhould go with the object of her impertinence."

"And with all my heart too!" anſwered Mrs. Jervis; "for when one menial lords it over another—when murderers are rewarded, and the moſt unnatural connections are formed, I ſhould fear to ſtay under the roof, leſt the judgments of the Almighty ſhould fall on my head! Oh bleſſed, thrice bleſſed Providence!

which ſpared my maſter and miſtreſs from beholding the deſolation of this day!"

"Go out of my preſence for ever!" ſaid Catherine.

"I will," ſaid Mrs. Jervis; "but I will not leave that angel in your hands; ſome are familiar with the trade of blood!"

Clifford's rage now knew no bounds. He attempted to puſh Mrs. Jervis out of the room; but ſhe placed herſelf firmly againſt the wainſcot, and wonderfully reſiſted all his efforts, till ſhe had ſeen poor Angelina borne off by two footmen, and conveyed to her room; where having followed her, ſhe with great ſpirit ordered horſes to be put to the old family coach, and ſending for Mrs. Letſom, ſhe gave her up the keys of all the ſtores, and charging one of the houſemaids with the packing of her boxes, ſhe got into the coach, and had the ſtill inſenſible Angelina laid on her lap; and ſending one of the grooms before to prepare Clara for her mother's illneſs, ſhe turned her back for ever

upon

upon a houſe, which ſhe now thought a proper habitation only for beaſts of prey.

We muſt now account to our readers for Clifford's ſudden reappearance on the ſcene of action.

CHAP. V.

CATHERINE awaited the interview with the ſtranger at Bath with no little curioſity; and as he walked ſlowly into the room, ſtill wrapped up in his cloak, notwithſtanding her previous declaration to the contrary, ſhe felt no ſmall degree of fear. But rallying her preſence of mind, ſhe ſaid—

"Pray, Sir, may I aſk your commands for me?"—The ſtranger threw aſide his cloak,

 and

and lifted up his countenance; when, ſtarting back, Miſs Fitzallan ſunk into a chair, feebly articulating—"Clifford!"

"Yes," anſwered he, "Clifford—that wretched outcaſt—that alien from his country, and from all that he held dear, is returned after ſeventeen years of exile, to hear his doom—to ſee if Catherine Fitzallan remembers the high proofs he has given her of his affection and his love?"

"What do you mean?" aſked Catherine, now recovering her ſelf-poſſeſſion, and ſtruggling againſt the faint embers of paſſion which yet lived at her heart, while ſhe recollected her ſituation in life, and the pride of her ſoul reaſſumed its dominion—"What do you mean?"

"And can Catherine Fitzallan aſk me what I mean? Can ſhe behold this altered form—can ſhe ſurvey the wreck which misfortune, more than age, has made, and aſk me what I mean? For your ſake did I not ruin my peace of mind for ever? Did I not hazard my life, diſgrace my name, and fly

my

my country, and now you ask me what I mean?"—He turned away, and pretended to conceal his ſtrong emotion.

This gave Miſs Fitzallan time to collect herſelf, and ſhe anſwered—"If you mean that I ſhould ſuffer you to remain in England unmoleſted, you have your wiſh; the nature of a Fitzallan is inimical to the cheriſhing of long-nouriſhed rancour. Sir Hugh Fitzallan ſleeps in peace. My mother's precarious ſtate admits not of her noticing evaneſcent occurrences; or if it did, ſhe is too charitable to purſue an unhappy culprit at this late period of time. I only then am left of my family, and I will not diſturb the awful gloom which hangs on my brother's tomb. To a higher Judge we will refer the cauſe. Reſt aſſured, then, that your tranquillity will not be diſturbed by me."

"Ridiculous ſophiſtry!—weak ſubterfuge!" cried Clifford paſſionately; "but in vain, Catherine—in vain would you elude my meaning. From the firſt dawning of ſenſe and reaſon to this very period, have you not

 known

known I loved you? Did I not watch your brother—did I not report to you his actions—did I not take away his life to save your honour—to save the honour of his family?"

"It was an act of unparalleled friendship certainly," said Catherine, sarcastically; "your own fame, I think, was martyred in the cause."

"It was, Madam; I acknowledge the truth of your remark, though from you I might not expect this cutting sarcasm."

"The country in which you have been living, has taught you some of its vile equalizing tenets, I perceive. You forget the distance between our ranks, Mr. Clifford; you forget the respect due to the heiress of Fitzallan!"

"I would willingly forget every thing, even my own existence, when I see the change in your manners. I am no longer beloved by you, and I must drag on a life of hopeless anguish!"

"No *longer*," repeated Catherine; "what made you think that you were ever beheld

by

by me with regard? What blind infatuation could ſo impoſe on your underſtanding?"

"'Tis well, Madam," anſwered Clifford; "your arts were then calculated only to ſerve your own purpoſes; thoſe are compaſſed—and if my ruin, my eternal degradation be the conſequence, no matter."

"Why all this frantic declamation?" aſked Catherine.—"If your circumſtances require aſſiſtance, in conſideration of your former connection with my family, I will aſſiſt you. I have not forgotten to be generous."

"I ſpurn your paltry offers," cried Clifford. "No, Miſs Fitzallan, I come to claim your hand—to call you mine—to make you my wife in the face of the world! Dare not to ſay that you have not given me hope! You know, you feel, that for years this hope ſuſtained me—it was the beacon which I always held in view, but which I never approached till now. If you meant nothing by your peculiar manner of treating me, why did you adopt it? Either conſent to

marry

marry me immediately, or abide the terrible confequences of my fierce refentment!"

"What terrible crimes would you now conjure up to appal me, to terrify me to your purpofe? But, Clifford, you little know me, if you think I can be fo intimidated! What, would you bid me forego my place in fociety—voluntarily ftep down from the height to which I am lifted, and give my hand to the murderer of my brother?—to the fon of my father's fteward?—Shall the heirefs of Fitzallan brave the 'world's contumely' for thee?—Never! I tell you, never!"

A look of the moft diabolical kind now overfpread the countenance of Clifford, as approaching nearer, he faid in a lower, but in a frightful tone of voice—

"I yet poffefs the means of forcing you to my purpofe; but I would not willingly have recourfe to it. Will you voluntarily accept this proffered hand?"

Haftily dafhing it from her, Catherine faid—"Never!"

"Then

"Then hear me, proud woman!—Imperious Catherine; plume not yourſelf on your boaſted ſuperiority, for if it conſiſts in what you ſay it does—on your ſtation in the world, it is worſe, it is leſs than nothing. You are not the heireſs of Fitzallan," ſaid he, in a decided tone; "you are the uſurper of another's rights!"

"Impoſſible," ſaid Catherine, her lip quivering with paſſion; "hold your unhallowed tongue!"

"Hear me!" ſaid Clifford; "then diſpute my veracity if you dare!—Frederic Fitzallan, your brother, was lawfully married to Angelina Melroſs. The ceremony took place in the Church of St. ———, in London, in the year 17—, on the 15th day of March."

Catherine ſtarted, but recovering herſelf, ſhe ſaid—

"It is eaſy to fabricate a ſtory, and then to ſeemingly authenticate it by minute detail."

"Hear me, Madam," ſaid Clifford ſternly; "the conſtancy of your brother to Angelina

Angelina Melrofs—his regular conduct fubfequent to his connection with her, particularly after the birth of his child, firft awakened my fufpicions. I fought Angelina; from her I difcovered the whole tranfaction. I convinced myfelf of the truth by undeniable evidences—witneffes of the ceremony had been provided; they will now be ready to make oath of the fact. The Clergyman is ftill living; I am acquainted with his refidence. Angelina Fitzallan ftill lives alfo."

Catherine fhuddered, and put her hand before her eyes.

"Her daughter, now feventeen years of age, or more, is the lawful heirefs of Fitzallan Caftle."—He paufed.

"Have you any more undeniable facts, Sir," afked Catherine, in a tone of incredulity, "with which you would pleafe to entertain me?"

"Yes, Madam, here is a depofition from the fexton of St. ———, properly authenticated, and taken down by me, the morning

before

before my unlucky encounter with your brother."

Catherine ſank into a chair—a deep groan iſſued from her boſom—Clifford fell on his knees.

"Look here," cried he; "behold him who has your deſtiny in his power, thus ſupplicating your favour. You may ſtill be all you wiſh. Say only—'Clifford, I am thine,' and the whole world ſhall ſtill continue ignorant of this tranſaction."

"How is that poſſible?" aſked Catherine, now reſuming a little courage. "I thought the wife and child were ſtill alive, ready and willing, no doubt, to ſee me abdicate my ſtation, and receive your aſſiſtance in lifting them there."

"That wife, that child, ſhall never know their real ſituation, if you will it ſo. Credulous and unſuſpicious, I eaſily perſuaded the youthful Angelina to believe that Frederic Fitzallan had been a baſe deceiver. I convinced her that the marriage was an illegal one, and merely a feint of your brother's,

brother's, to get her into his possession. She believes it still, and in close retirement, 'far from the eye of day,' she has dragged on her life, 'unknowing and unknown'—she has not even assumed the name of Fitzallan, but is called by that of Melross."

After this specimen of the lover's *tête-à-tête*, which our readers will remember was protracted to an unconscionable length, they need not be told that Cliff rd succeeded; and equally the slaves of amb tion, pride, and interest, the well matched pair agreed to unite their destinies.

The pride of Catherine, however, had suffered a severe stab; she thought more of the "world's dread laugh," when it should hear of her connection with the son of her father's steward, than of its opprobrium on her marrying the murderer of her brother, or on the reproaches of her own conscience. As to Clifford's having terminated the life of Frederic, she thought that could be glossed over; she "had discernment, and must know how cruelly he had been injured by him,

whom

whom he had unfortunately ſlain—and Roman, Grecian juſtice could not have exceeded her in impartial conduct."—But the ſon of her father's ſteward——there the darling paſſion felt a rebuff, which ſhe could not eaſily get over; and living for that and the world, inſtead of her own heart or her Maker, in the depth of her mortification, ſhe reſolved inſtantly to leave Bath, and to "hide her diminiſhed head" in obſcurity. Her mother's illneſs afforded a feaſible pretext for going, and, as we have ſeen, ſhe adopted it. Deep gloom filled her tortured boſom on the journey; all the diabolical paſſions were preying on her ſoul; and when her fierce eyes fell on the humble cottage, the birth-place of Clifford, the future huſband of Miſs Fitzallan, perhaps her ſufferings were ſuperhuman, and almoſt equalled the extent of her guilt. The death of old Geoffery was beyond her hopes;—one reproving countenance only was in her way: that one was Mrs. Jervis, for the other ſervants had all become inhabitants of the Caſtle long ſince Clifford's diſappearance.

Lady

Lady Fitzallan's death was to have been the ſignal of Clifford's approach; but the unwilling bride poſtponed and protracted the evil day, till the impatient bridegroom would not allow it to be deferred any longer: and the ſon of the ſteward had, by his unremitting manœuvring and undermining, at length raiſed himſelf to that ſtation, which almoſt from his birth he had panted to obtain. No private marriage would ſatisfy his greedy ambition—his thirſt for power; he inſiſted on Catherine's immediately acknowledging his claims to her convocated houſehold, and to the world:—and Catherine thinking Mrs. Lawſon a ſtranger to his name and character, had ſent for her, that ſhe might tell the news, ere it reached her ears by any other channel.

Clifford, as we have ſeen, had gone a little beyond his depth, when he had aſſerted that he knew the poſitive reſidence of Angelina; and although Catherine had evident proof of his falſehood in this particular, yet the other parts of his ſtory were too well ſubſtantiated; and ſhe had the pleaſure of ſeeing that, in the midſt

midſt of her accuſations, Angelina had never called herſelf the wife of Frederic Fitzallan, neither had ſhe reproved Clifford for uſing her maiden appellation.

We will now leave the bride and bridegroom to the comforts of a wedding-day, began under ſuch auſpicious circumſtances, and to the contemplation of the pleaſing futurity in perſpective; and will return to the wretched, but innocent mourners of the cottage.

CHAP. VI.

FROM the contemplation of Fairfax's letter—from the pleafing vifions of hope and happinefs, Clara was awakened to behold an almoft motionlefs, and as it appeared a dying parent. Her furprife and affright nearly overcame her; but fhe exerted her fortitude to render her affiftance to the aged and horror-ftricken Mrs. Jervis. Some hours elapfed ere poor Mrs. Melrofs (as we fhall now call her—Angelina being the proper defignation of her daughter) regained her recollection; then on perceiving that her head, as it refted on the pillow, was fupported by the encircling arm of her daughter, while one hand was

was preſſed to her lips, and bedewed filial tears, ſhe ſaid—

"My angel, my child, can you, will ever forgive your weak—your erring moth Oh Angelina! will you ever forgive the de ceit I have practiſed!"

Angelina thought her mother's ſenſes ſtill wandered. She lifted up her eyes to heaven, as if ſhe had ſupplicated for their ſpeedy reſtoration, while Mrs. Jervis, who ſat on the other ſide of the bed, ſaid with a voice impeded by tears—

"My dear Madam, compoſe yourſelf!— Do not talk—do not exert yourſelf!—for your own, for this young lady's—for all our ſakes be tranquil!"

Mrs. Melroſs ſhook her head.

"Ah, Mrs. Jervis! tranquillity and I——" She pauſed.—"My love, I cannot reſt—I muſt not reſt, without making uſe of the opportunity offered me, to confeſs my faults, and acknowledge the deep deception which I have practiſed. My intentions were at firſt viſionary, chimerical. I purſued them,

 becauſe

ſe I fancied they conduced to a beneficial
d."

"They did indeed," ſaid Mrs. Jervis, "to a beneficial purpoſe—to a highly meritorious end."

"I don't know, Mrs. Jervis—we are not to do evil, that good may come of it. Good effects can ſcarcely ever proceed ultimately from evil cauſes; and though I flattered myſelf to the contrary in my caſe, yet may not their fatal influence extend to, and ruin the happineſs of my child?

The pale cheek of Angelina ſhewed the dreadful expectation in which ſhe awaited the explanation of her mother's preface.

"Have you courage, my love—have you reſolution for the encounter?"

"Suppoſe you leave it now," ſaid Mrs. Jervis; "ſuppoſe you defer it to another time."

"Oh no, no!—now, now—Oh do not defer it!" cried the almoſt gaſping Angelina.—"Oh pray do not defer it!"

"I will not, my child, if you can bear it."

"I can

"I can hear any thing from *my mother*," ſaid Angelina, looking tenderly in her face.

"Oh, may you always do ſo, my heart's beſt darling—my Angelina!—Start not—your real name is Angelina Melroſs—it is the name of your mother! Your father's name you had no right to bear. I am the victim of Frederic Fitzallan—of miſplaced confidence—of credulous affection; he in his turn was the victim of another's crimes!"

Angelina flung herſelf on the bed—ſhe hid her face on the boſom of her parent—for ſome minutes they gave way to their emotions. A deep ſtab ſeemed to have gone through the ſoul of Angelina. She was the child of ſhame!—ſhe muſt never more lift up her head—never more lift up her thoughts towards Horace Fairfax! Her proſpects were incurably blighted!—She ſobbed with anguiſh.

"It is too much for you, my life—too great a trial," ſaid Mrs. Melroſs. "Did I not tell you ſo? But ſay you forgive me—ſay you will hear my ſtory—ſay, if it yet be

possible—say once again that you will hear any thing from your mother!"

There was something so inexpressibly moving in this address, that all the filial affections were roused, and Angelina, gently falling on her knees, cried, as she clasped the hand of her mother in her's—

"Yes! and witness, Heaven, the sincerity with which I repeat it!"

"Generous, exemplary girl!" cried Mrs. Melross. "Oh Mrs. Jervis! I cannot be quite miserable, while blessed with such a daughter!"

The long and interesting detail which succeeded, our readers can imagine. Mildly palliating the cruel conduct of Frederic, Mrs. Melross exaggerated her own imprudence in consenting to a clandestine marriage, which her daughter thought she was fully justified in doing, when she heard that it was from the unfeeling and ignorant Lady Meynill, then Miss Blumgrove, that she had escaped. The unnatural conduct of Catherine, the surprising connection she had formed, filled

ſilled the ſoul of the aſtoniſhed Angelina with horror. Mrs. Melroſs's emotions at the retroſpect were too impetuous for controul; and Mrs. Jervis could not rein in her invectives. In ſolitary retirement Angelina meditated on what ſhe had heard; and except that imprudence might attach to her mother's conduct, ſhe ſaw nothing to blame prior to the death of Frederic; her ſubſequent deceit could not appear culpable in the eye of a daughter. On the conduct of her father ſhe would not allow herſelf to dwell. Clifford's was wholly inexplicable, and Angelina thought that ſome dark facts would yet be revealed to the eye of day.

"Guilt cannot always eſcape unpuniſhed in this world," thought ſhe; "but, alas! what would the diſcovery of Clifford's guilt be to me? It would not ſtore the ſunken fame of my mother (ſunk in the world's eſtimation)—it would not reſtore my father from the grave—it would not retrieve his honour!—Then farewell, hope, happineſs, and

Horace Fairfax!—Pleaſing, ſanguine proſpects of youth, farewell for ever!"

She took the letter of Fairfax from her pocket—ſhe reperuſed it—ſighed—we will confeſs it, even preſſed it to her lips; but in ſtrong, in legible characters, ſhe ſtill ſaw that ſhe muſt be rejected by Mr. Fairfax for the wife of his ſon, and ſhe reſolved—we may add, nobly reſolved not to let her mother ſee this letter—never to inform her of its contents: and while ſhe reflected on the pangs which ſhe ſhould ſpare the maternal boſom, by keeping this ſecret, ſhe felt an equivalent for the pain which it gave her. Her repugnance to avow the truth—to make an explanation to Horace, roſe every moment.

The ſeceſſion from the cottage was now determined on;—ſhe would forward, expedite it by ever, means in her power; and Fairfax ſhould never hear—ſhould never know "her hard, hard"—ſhe put her hand to her ſide as ſhe whiſpered the laſt emphatic word, "deſtiny!—From him a mother's ſhame ſhould be concealed, at the riſk

risk of his believing her artful, versatile, or capricious—even at the risk of his peace.—"But he, lively, buoyant, gay—he will soon be consoled by other, by more beauteous objects; and the trifling impression I made on his heart will be erased. His father will return; and when peace, plenty, beauty, applause are smiling all around him, he can never know the heart-ache—never know the misery of Angelina!"

Bitter drops rolled down her cheeks; they

—her own deſerts ſhrank in the compariſon, and ſhe was humbled and reſigned to the diſpenſations of Heaven.

CHAP. VII.

An immediate departure (as immediate as her health would permit) from the [illegible] was determined on; and a consultati[illegible] held, as to where they should ben[illegible] steps. Mrs. Jervis was determine[illegible] their fortunes, she said, and to e[illegible] with the grandchild of her [illegible] and mistress.

"I am old," cried she [illegible] no relations, at least none s[illegible] heart as is Miss Angelina. I[illegible] trouble to you, Madam, freely tell [illegible] and I will seek a place to live o[illegible] days, alone and solitary; but if you co[illegible]nt to let me live with you, I may say with Ruth—'That where you go, I will go; your country shall be my country!'"

The answer of her gratified friends it is easy to conceive, though it cannot so easily be put into language. Mrs. Melross wished for retirement; the country air she thought would conduce to the health of them all, as use had made it almost necessary to them. Mrs. Jervis had been born in Devonshire;—

 partial

partial to her native county, and native ſpot, [illegible]in a few miles of Exmouth), ſhe ſtre-[illegible]y recommended it to Mrs. Melroſs, [illegible] place of her future reſidence. Mrs. [illegible]d not viſited it for thirty years; [illegible]ll remembered the beauties of [illegible] ſcenery. Mrs. Melroſs [illegible] Devonſhire, and the ſea air [illegible]rable; and Mrs. Jervis aſſured [illegible]ſe-rent and proviſions were as ch[illegible]er there, than in any part of Engl[illegible]

"Beſides, [illegible]" added ſhe, "it is reckoned to be a remarkably healthy place; ſo much ſo, that the doctors uſed to ſend their patients out there from Exeter, for the benefit of ſea air and bathing, even in my time; and I have heard that it ſtill continues in repute, and that many invalids go there in ſummer; ſo that there is no fear at this time of getting decent ready-furniſhed lodgings, if we ſhould not meet with a houſe."

Local feelings gaining greater aſcendency every moment, Mrs. Jervis grew garrulous. She

She ſaid that the fiſh caught there was eſteemed ſuperexcellent; ſalmon was only a penny per pound, and butter not more than fourpence; chickens ſhe had often ſeen bought herſelf for ſixpence the couple; and ſhe proceeded to particularize, and had given a price for every article of life. And though Mrs. Melroſs was aware that every article of life muſt have had a conſiderable riſe ſince the days of poor Jervis's youth, yet ſhe ſaw no material objections to her propoſition; and the travellers agreed to ſet out on their journey as ſoon as poſſible.

The following morning Mrs. Melroſs wrote to Mr. Sutton, deſiring him to ſend a chaiſe to her from —— the next day, and thanking him for the friendſhip and kindneſs which he had invariably demonſtrated towards her. She told him that recent events at the Caſtle would explain to him the ſudden diſcovery that had been made, and in conſequence, her haſty departure; and that the agitation which theſe circumſtances had occaſioned in her mind, muſt apologize to him for her not

taking a perſonal leave, which ſhe found herſelf unequal to.

The remainder of her letter we need not be minute in detailing; it related to pecuniary matters, of which he was ſtill to have the management, and acquainted him with the place to which ſhe was going, in order that he might remit her dividends half-yearly.

She had not quite finiſhed her letter, when Angelina brought her the following note, which ſhe had juſt opened. It was written by Catherine, and directed thus:—

"TO THE DAUGHTER OF ANGELINA MELROSS.

"Juſtice is the unalienable property of the Fitzallans; and not to confound the innocent with the guilty, is one amongſt the diſcriminating features of their character. If ſhe, known by the name of Clara Lawſon (but who is very probably an illegitimate offspring of Frederic Fitzallan), will

will abandon her mother, and confent to live wholly at the Caftle, fhe fhall receive that countenance and protection which fhe may merit. Should fhe refufe this offer, fhe may perceive by the enclofed, that generofity has yet its priftine place in the breaft of her former protectrefs; for although the fum was fpecified as a legacy to Clara Lawfon in the will of the late Sir Hugh Fitzallan, yet the payment of it would certainly have been litigated by any other than the heirefs of that houfe; as the perfon to whom it is now fent, had no right to the appellative by which fhe is defcribed; but the paltry evafion could not be adopted by

"CATHERINE CLIFFORD FITZALLAN.

"An immediate anfwer and acknowledgment are required."

"Here," cried Angelina, "read my anfwer alfo, deareft Madam!" her cheeks ...ed by indignant emotions.

To

"TO MRS. CLIFFORD FITZALLAN.

"Angelina Melroſs (for ſhe feels no ſhame at bearing the name of her injured mother) is obliged by the offer contained in the note ſhe has juſt received; but duty and affection equally operate in bidding her never to abandon a ſuffering, an affectionate, and only parent! Angelina gratefully accepts the generous benefaction of Sir Hugh Fitzallan, feeling aſſured that the change of her name, and the full knowledge of her ſituation, would have made no alteration in his ſentiments."

Mrs. Melroſs embraced her daughter, while Angelina ſaid—

"Ah, my dear mother! praiſe me not for acting as my feelings dictate—for chuſing that ſituation which only can give me happ[illegible]neſs, and refuſing that which would inev[illegible] yield me miſery! When I do ſometh[illegible]

diſintereſted and *very generous*, like Mrs. *Clifford* Fitzallan," ſmiling ſarcaſtically, "*then* praiſe me, if you will; but when I act only from ſelf-love, be ſilent."

Then haſtily folding her note, ſhe ſent it off, ingeniouſly contriving, by forced pleaſantry, to cheat her mother of the pangs which ſhe ſaw the haughty billet would otherwiſe have cauſed in her boſom.

But little preparation was neceſſary for leaving the cottage; yet they all felt it a ſeverer trial than they could have imagined, and they had proceeded many miles on their [illegible] words took the place of te[illegible] was the firſt to exert herſelf; [illegible]ed by the exertions of her daughter, Mrs. Melroſs tried to imitate her, and in part ſucceeded.

As no adventures—no hair-breadth 'ſcapes —no Caſtles—no Knights appeared in their way to retard their progreſs, we will picture them at Exmouth. But there is no picturing the ſurpriſe and diſtreſs of Mrs. Jervis, at perceiving what *had* been a ſmall fiſhing-town,

was now exhibiting every external mark of a diſſipated and faſhionable place of public reſort.

Though our travellers arrived the firſt week in February, a great deal of company was already there; carriages and chairs were ſeen in the ſtreets; and inſtead of retirement, they found themſelves more the objects of obſervation than if at Bath; as the place being ſmaller, and at this period not overflowing, every new face was new food for curioſity. Lodgings Mrs. Jervis declared were exorbitant.—" The fiſh not a quarter ſ good-taſted as it uſe[illegible] formerly; and as to the price, 'twa[illegible] to aſk it in a Chriſtian country."

Although Mrs. Melroſs felt diſappointed at ſeeing herſelf *in* the world, when ſhe had intended to have gone *out* of it, ſhe had ſtill known too much of real calamity, not to be enabled to temporize with caſual evils; and ſhe cheerfully ſettled herſelf in a ſmall ready-furniſhed houſe, in a retired, and conſe-

conſequently unfaſhionable ſtreet. She had calculated her income, (for her daughter's was her's alſo), and found it equal to her utmoſt wants. A female ſervant was engaged, of whom Mrs. Jervis took the management, and ſettled herſelf immediately as houſekeeper, waiting-woman, and attendant on her two ladies. Mrs. Melroſs remonſtrated; but Mrs. Jervis declared that ſhe ſhould die if ſhe were to ſit ſtill; and, perceiving that her happineſs conſiſted in making herſelf uſeful, Mrs. Melroſs yielded the point. In the ſociety of her daughter, in experiencing her tend[illegible] tentions, and in the unreſerved [illegible] of her thoughts, (from which ſ[illegible]ainfully withheld herſelf many [illegible] Mrs. Melroſs experienced ſome portio[illegible] of tranquillity. She had never hazarded a word to her daughter concerning Horace Fairfax, ſince the unexpected diſcovery at the Caſtle. She felt that ſhe could not enter upon it without the greateſt pain, and ſhe truſted that ſilence, ſeparation, and time might effectually

effectually eraſe his image from the mind of Angelina, ſhould it retain a ſerious impreſſion in his favour; and this ſhe was now almoſt tempted to doubt, when ſhe conſidered the undeviating cheerfulneſs and ſteady equanimity of her behaviour.

"If, indeed," ſighed ſhe, "ſhe ſhould ſtill in ſecret pine at the diſſolution of her fondeſt hopes—if in ſilence ſhe laments the barrier which fate (which a mother's conduct I ſhould ſay) has placed between her and happineſs, what can atone for my imprudence?—what can reward ſo much ſingle-hearted virtue?"

It is indeed ſo; for we will not let our readers for a moment ſuppoſe that our heroine's *penchant* had been the fleeting impreſſion of youth—no, it had been the preference of reaſon and judgment. What theſe had dictated, her heart had approved; and though her acquaintance with Fairfax had been ſhort, her regard for him promiſed to be laſting; yet acknowledging the propriety, if not the neceſſity of conquering it, ſhe

eſſayed

eſſayed the arduous taſk; and if ſhe did not ſucceed, yet her attempts were certainly praiſeworthy.

And here we will leave her with her reſigned parent and faithful attendant; we will ſuppoſe them wearing out the bleak month of March, and welcoming the ſofter air of April; and we will, though unwillingly, revert to the heireſs of Fitzallan Caſtle: for perhaps it may not be an unprofitable contemplation to greedy ambition, if it views her in her new ſituation.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

CATHERINE had not changed her ſituation many hours, ere ſhe found that in uniting her hand to that of Clifford, ſhe had effectually yielded up all thoſe claims and thoſe privileges which ſhe had hitherto exiſted only to cheriſh. No longer the ſole miſtreſs of a large domain—no longer reſpected as the laſt repreſentative of a worthy and ancient family, fear and horror ſeemed to overſpread the features of her honeſt tenants at her approach. The preſence of Clifford ſeemed, like the mildew of heaven, to blight every thing he came near; not a creature approached the Caſtle, unleſs unavoidable buſineſs

business compelled it. The servants were a mercenary crew, who cared not whom they served, so that they received their pay; and who, so far from respecting their employers, made use, on the slightest occasion, of language, and a freedom of remark, which, though the high spirit of Catherine would formerly have repulsed it with anger, she was now obliged to submit to, from a consciousness that in the neighbourhood of the Castle, it would not be possible for her to procure any to supply their places, in case of their defection. Aware, too, that interest had been the incentive of Clifford's conduct—feeling this with aggravated acuteness in every sharp retort, in every passionate sally, in every tyrannical exercise of newly-acquired power, (for all of these had been displayed almost momentarily as the occasion suited) her heart became the prey of gloomy despair; compunction visited her soul—but repentance, genuine humble repentance, was a stranger to it. Her indignant spirit was not subdued, though it was smothered;

ſmothered; ofttimes it broke out again with redoubled energy. She would vent her reproaches on her huſband—ſhe would remind him of the ſituation to which ſhe had raiſed him—ſhe would talk of the Fitzallans, of their rank, their dignity, their conſequence—ſhe would eulogize on the freedom and independence of their character, and bid him treat her with gratitude, who had raiſed him from the duſt—who had exalted him from the loweſt ſtate of degradation, to ſuch a dazzling eminence:—then when moſt florid and moſt eloquent—when fancying that her ſuperiority muſt be acknowledged, then would her towering pride be levelled in a moment, as with a look; which the arch deceiver himſelf could not have excelled, Clifford would ſay—

"Your brother's wife and child ſtill live! Thank me, proud woman, that their ſecret ſtill is kept!"

Rage would have forced its way, but that Miſs Fitzallan, who had known no fear, had now learned to tremble at the eye of her huſband—

husband—of the only being on earth for whom her heart had ever cherished a sentiment of affection! That husband only knew the full extent of her crimes; and though a participator in them, he enjoyed the diabolical pleasure of perpetually bringing them to her remembrance. At such moments, when the countenance, when the voice of Clifford was no longer to be borne, had his wretched wife wandered into the mazes of the shrubbery, or strayed into the park; but there the whistling wind, as it murmured through the leafless branches of the trees, seemed to whisper out the name of Frederic Fitzallan! There before her mental eye was conjured up the image of her devoted brother, as with infantine simplicity and loveliness, he had often bounded over the grassy turf, and sought, by a thousand innocent endearments and gambols, to attract those attentions and encomiums which she had invariably withheld, and so repelled the first germs of affection.

Fitzallan Castle, which had once been the

the pride of her ſoul, the darling object for which ſhe had ſacrificed every thing, was now become hateful to her; and ſhe would have flown from it for ever, could ſhe have known where to bend her courſe, or could ſhe have eluded the fierce ſcorpion—recollection! But to the world ſhe now ſaw that ſhe muſt never more return.

Although immediately on her marriage, ſhe had written to her dear friend, Lady Plumtree, to announce the event—although ſhe had gloſſed it over with all the ſophiſtical reaſoning which ſhe could collect—although ſhe had brought out both Romans and Grecians for precedents—although ſhe had been more copious in her account of Mrs. Melroſs and *her* deception, than in *her own* hiſtory, in hopes of overſhadowing one circumſtance in the more minute detail of the other—and, laſtly, (and by far the moſt probable), although ſhe had ſent her reſpected Lady Plumtree a handſome proof that her regard had not changed with her ſituation; yet ſhe had the mortification of finding

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her explanatory lett[illegible]
a[illegible]nse had she of [illegible]
Clifford Fitzallan for [illegible]
miserable, in the midst [illegible]
plenty, in the possession of t[illegible]
which her ambition had soared, and uni[illegible]
the husband of her heart's choice. But [illegible] carried in her bosom the enemy to repose and quiet; and it is thus that the Almighty visits most righteously the iniquities of sinful mortals even in this world, by turning the darling propensities of their nature into the very scourges of their existence!

In the speedy rise to power and wealth, perhaps Clifford was deaf to the murmurs of conscience; yet the instantaneous changes which his countenance sometimes exhibited, when by chance he met with any thing which connected itself in his mind (however remotely) with Frederic Fitzallan, may lead us

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r. Sutton, with honest resentment, had antly relinquished Catherine's stewardship, on being made acquainted with her marriage, and Clifford had taken the direction of her affairs into his own hands, always in his orders using the *first* person, and thus shewing the once independent, now enslaved, Catherine, that the moment a wife marries, she has no longer property, power, even a will of her own.

Mrs. Letsom still remained at the Castle, and seemed gradually to have conquered her dread of retirement, and her fears of a deep decline; and though the servants whispered about, that she was master's attendant as wel

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as miſtreſs's, and ſome of theſe innuendoes had more than once proceeded to indirect accuſations; yet not being very rig'd themſelves, and conſcious that a tale might be told all round, they were ſilent, and they quietly permitted her daily riſing importance; while Mrs. Clifford Fitzallan ſubmitted to liberties from her ſervant, which ſhe would once have reſented from the venerable Lady Fitzallan.

We would have our readers ſuppoſe this a ſummary account of the firſt ſix months after marriage;—but we muſt leave them here, and return to our intereſting heroine; (don't laugh, good reader!—intereſting to us, elſe theſe her memoirs would not have been written); but as we cannot reſolve to put her in the ſame chapter with her aunt, we muſt aſk pardon for the brevity of this.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

NOTWITHSTANDING her arduous exertions, the image of Horace Fairfax frequently recurred to the mind of Angelina; and as the ſummer advanced—as each day brought an acceſſion of company to Exmouth, the fear of meeting with ſome one who had known her mother in former days, contributed to imbitter every moment. Not that our Angelina was aſhamed of her parent—not that ſhe dreaded ſuch a recognition for herſelf:—no! ſhe had marked the undeviating purity and diſcretion of her mother's conduct, and had ſhe been made the wife of Frederic Fitzallan in preſence of the "congregated world,"

world," it would not have heightened the respect—the filial tenderneſs of her child. That tenderneſs had augmented with the knowledge of her early miſery, and her recent trials; and ſeeing that, however tried in the ſchool of affliction, her feelings were ſtill acute her ſenſibility ſtill alive, ſhe dreaded that encounter for Mrs. Melroſs, which ſhe thought he could have borne undiſmayed for herſelf, vith all, every one, any one, but Horace Fairax:—there indeed ſhe muſt have ſhrunk with error; but ſuch a meeting there was little auſe to fear. Why then torment herſelf with ıcied evils?

Mrs. Melroſs daily ſaw that Exmouth rew more and more the place which ſhe hould not have ſought; but an unwillingneſs ɔ appear faſtidious to her attentive child, an verſion to exploring new ſcenes, and a fear f wounding the good-natured, generous rvis, made her diſſemble her diſappointıent, and ſhe tried to find out the moſt rered walks, and to go abroad at the moſt nfaſhionable hours, in order to eſcape the

ſtare of high-bred inſolence, or the flippant remark of ſelf-ſatisfied ignorance.

The arrival of the Meynills was known to Angelina, by meeting them on the walk. The good-natured mamma ſtopped and turned ſuddenly round, on ſeeing her paſs; and calling out in no very feminine key, ſhe ſaid—

"Anna Matilda, Eliza Maria, ſee, if there is not that low girl, whom Miſs Melroſs impoſed on Miſs Fitzallan when at Bath."

The accompliſhed children of this amiable mother followed her example, and ſtared, and laughed, and laughed again, while, alternately died with bluſhes, and pale with agitation Angelina paſſed on, and ere ſhe returned home, ſought in a ſequeſtered walk to regain her ſelf-poſſeſſion and compoſure, which ſhe happily effected.

Several days had elapſed, and Angelina had ſeen no more of this ſplendid trio, when one morning, on going to a ſmall ſtationer's ſhop, the miſtreſs of it, while ſerving her, was aſked by a perſon who entered, if ſhe knew any means of ſending to Weymouth.

"No,"

No," anſwered ſhe; "but if you had e only one half hour ſooner, I could e ſent any thing for you; for Lady Mey-.....s gentleman was here ſettling a little account, and mounted his horſe at the door to gallop after his Lady's carriage."

"Has Lady Meynill left this place?" aſked Angelina.

"Oh yes, Ma'am; it ſeems it was not gay enough for ſhe: but however ſhe have left one behind her, Ma'am, to die, I believe. Shame! ſhame!" added ſhe, lifting up her hands; "ſhame on people who call themſelves Chriſtians, to behave thus!" and ſhe ſhook her head.

"What do you mean?" enquired Angelina.

"I mean, Ma'am, that her Ladyſhip, with all her riches, has a heart of ſtone; and that her young miſſes be of the ſame kidney. They brought down here with 'em, Ma'am, a young lady, whom they calls a governeſs; but, Lord bleſs me! ſhe had three governeſſes herſelf, poor ſoul! by all accounts; but

 however,

however, amongſt it all, ſhe's a dying, and that amongſt ſtrangers!"

"Dying!" repeated our heroine, with vehemence. "Is her name Maxwell?"

"Yes, 'tis indeed, Miſs; ſhe has lodgings in this houſe, and is now above ſtairs. She looks, poor creature, as if body and ſoul were at this minute parting!"

"Amongſt ſtrangers, alone, friendleſs!" ſaid Angelina, with emphaſis, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Yes, Miſs; and though Lady Meynill knew all this—though ſhe brought her here, yet ſhe couldn't be prevailed on to ſtay only a few days longer, juſt to ſee how matters went; not that poor Miſs above ſtairs deſired it, I believe. No, no, poor ſoul! quiet and ſilence ſuit her better than ſuch company."

"What is her illneſs?" aſked Angelina.

"Why, the Doctors think a galloping conſumption, Miſs. It ſeems ſhe was in a ſad, pooriſh, delicate way like before; but on the journey, as they were coming from Bath here,

e, there wasn't beds enough at the inn where family ſtopped, becauſe the houſe was full; l' my Lady Meynill, and the two young s, always takes three to their ſhare; and this poor creature was fixed on for the one that was to ſit up all night. She did not tell me ſo, Miſs, believe me; but the gentleman did, and ſaid that my Lady's Abigail had a bed: but not being able to ſleep with a bed-fellow any more nor her ladies, Miſs Maxwell, the poor young thing above ſtairs, was ordered to ſit up."

Angelina turned away to conceal her emotion.

"You know her then, Miſs?"

"No, I do not know her," ſaid Angelina; "but I once ſaw her: and though ſhe was ignorant of it, yet I muſt try to get acquainted with her. I might be able to aſſiſt her—I might have it in my power to alleviate her ſufferings;—at any rate, the attempt ſhall be made."

"And a worthy one it is," ſaid the warm-hearted ſhopkeeper.

Angelina then aſked for a bit of paper, a wrote the following lines:—

"A ſtranger to Miſs Ma well, yet one who has often felt for, and pitied her ſituation, would now requeſt an admiſſion to her apartment, did ſhe not fear to intrude; but, conſcious that ſolitude and ſickneſs are bad companions, and hoping to be ſerviceable to one whom ſhe already eſteems, Angelina Melroſs truſts that Miſs Maxwell will conſent to receive her as an old acquaintance, who has a right to claim admittance into her ſick chamber."

Mrs. Johns took the letter to her lodger, and preſently returned with Miſs Maxwell's compliments, and that ſhe ſhould be happy to ſee Miſs Melroſs.

"She ſays you muſt excuſe her writing again, for ſhe is unfit for the ſmalleſt exertion."

With

With a palpitating heart, Angelina followed to a ſmall apartment, where Miſs Maxwell, ſtill lovely even in decay, was ſupported by pillows on an arm-chair. A bluſh overſpread her fine features on Angelina's entrance; but paſſing her hand over her countenance, ſhe ſeemed to call up her reſolution, and to ſubdue her feelings; while Angelina could have caught her in her arms, carried away by the enthuſiaſtic impulſe of her emotions.

By degrees the two ladies acquired tranquillity; and after a viſit of an hour's length, Miſs Maxwell acknowledged that the ſociety and converſation of our heroine would form her only enjoyment, if ſhe would continue it to her.

"But, ah!" cried ſhe, "I am ſo uſed to diſappointments, that I muſt not ſet my heart upon it. I ought, Miſs Melroſs, to ſet my heart on nothing here; but only there, where my proſpects are as certain as they are unfading, and where God has prepared good things for them who love him!"

Involuntarily her fine ey s were lifted

upwards, as ſhe uttered the laſt words; and ſo much was there in their expreſſion, of unaffected faith, hope, and love, that tears filled the eyes of Angelina.

"Yes, there," added ſhe, "I ſhall ſoon be called!"

"Say not ſo," ſaid Angelina; "I muſt not find you, to loſe you—you ſhall be well again—you ſhall ſee my mother;—if you are pleaſed with the child, what will you ſay of the parent? She too, Miſs Maxwell, has had her trials—more than her ſhare of ſufferings; but ſhe ſupports them—nobly ſupports them! We have too, in our eſtabliſhment, our large eſtabliſhment," added ſhe, ſmiling, and in a lively tone, "a moſt valuable creature—a moſt worthy woman!—She is at once a houſekeeper, a phyſician, a nurſe, an adviſer—and a friend! She ſhall come to ſee you alſo—we will be a family of love."

Miſs Maxwell caught her hand as ſhe paſſionately ſaid—

"Of which you will be the good angel!"

"No, no, a very mortal, believe me!" ſaid

said Angelina; "and I am ... parent, knowing this, will have ... if I do not return to her with all po... speed, 'remembering what my weak flesh is heir to.' So farewell for the present!"

The long interview with Miss Maxwell had heightened our heroine's first prepossession in her favour. There was so much patient suffering depicted in her countenance—so much of real resignation displayed in her words and sentiments, that she almost thought it cruel to wish her recovery; yet while she said this to Mrs. Melross, she tearfully acknowledged that there was too much reason to fear she could not. Mrs. Melross could have called every child of suffering her sister and her brother; her Angelina's rhetoric was needless in the cause of Miss Maxwell, and but a little period elapsed, ere they were indeed, as Angelina had predicted, a family of love!—and Angelina had the undissembled pleasure of observing that the alarming symptoms of Miss Maxwell's complaint, were decreased rather than augmented.

In her conversation there was sc
r. .. ional sense, unprejudiced judgment, nd clear discrimination, as Angelina had seldom seen; and her attachment to her daily increased. Convinced that confidence was the cement of friendship, and unwilling that any one should unknowingly form an acquaintance which might injure their character in the estimation of the world, Mrs. Melross had related her history to the invalid. Having lived with Lady Meynill, Miss Maxwell could very well imagine the insults and mortifications to which the humble companion of Miss Blumgrove must have been exposed. She had heard of Frederic Fitzallan's perfidy, and she had no scruple at receiving *his widow* as her most intimate friend; for as his widow she beheld her.

Miss Maxwell had no extraordinary events to confide to the ear of friendship; but she detailed the transitions and imbittered feelings of a few years; and though her weakness occasioned many breaks in the narration,

yet

yet we will give it in her own words, without pauſing with the fair narrator.

CHAP. X.

THE HISTORY OF MISS MAXWELL.

YOU may look, my dear friends, in the [illegible]ory of my paſt life, for the hiſtory of this emaciated frame, and [illegible] palli[illegible]; but I kn[illegible] to attribute them to any thing more than to a conſtitution delicate and feeble by nature. Sufferings I have no doubt undergone; and as I felt them acutely, I have ſometimes thought that they were of the bittereſt kind; but reaſon and reflection have told me, when they reſumed their

their influence over my mind, that I had greatly erred, and that my lot had been far superior—my trials had fallen infinitely short to millions of my fellow-beings. If my sensibility was more quickly wounded—if my feelings were more irritable than the common run of mortals, I ought to have conquered the one, and strengthened the other; so tha on the whole, my trials may ultimately prov to have originated from my own weaknefs

"My father was an opulent merchant i the city of ———. My parents treated me with the greatest tenderness; no expence or pains were spared on my education; an if I had not in some degree repaid their c. by my affection and improvement, I must have been the most unfeeling as well as stupid of creatures.

"At an early age I lost my mother; yet the good principles which she had implanted in my mind, had taken too deep a root to be ever erased; and my father, both by precept and example, nourished and invigorated them.

At

. ſeventeen years of age I was flattered, ireſſed, and applauded.

"Mr. Maxwell was looked on as the moſt reſpectable merchant in ———. He had received a liberal education; and his ideas and his ſentiments were far more expanded than thoſe of the citizens with whom he aſſociated. —He was looked up to as an adviſer and arbitrator in every little difficulty, both in domeſtic and commercial life; and of courſe his only child received ſome portion of that reſpect which her father's merits claimed for her.

"A regiment was quartered at ———, and Mr. Maxwell was the firſt to pay his compliments to the officers. His example was followed, and country quarters were made very pleaſant to them by this means; and our houſe was almoſt the home of the Commanding Officer, whoſe name was Darnley.

"Bred in the circles of poliſhed life, Darnley's manners had acquired an elegance, which evidently claimed ſuperiority over his aſſociates. His converſation was pleaſing to my

my father, and——why ſhould I conceal it?—doubly pleaſing to his daughter.

"Flattered at receiving the particular attention of a man ſo generally liked—pleaſed with his ſentiments and principles—(at leaſt with thoſe which he made apparent), I did not controul a partiality which began under ſuch propitious auſpices. Though Colonel Darnley had not abſolutely declared himſelf my lover, all——had declared it for him; and he did not attempt to deny it, but took every opportunity of encouraging and ſtrengthening the report.

"His regiment received orders to change their route very unexpectedly. The moment of ſeparation ſeemed as painful to Darnley as to myſelf; and he haſtily made a declaration of his love. My reception of it did not bid him deſpair; and my father's kind farewell bade him hope every thing. He left me, with many a promiſe of writing, and 'vow of quick return;' and at that period my misfortunes began.

"The ſudden failure of a mercantile houſe

r Philadelphia, was the loſs of my father's ortune, his life, and his daughter's peace of mind!—Reduced in an inſtant from ſplendid affluence to abſolute beggary, the blow which my father might have borne for himſelf alone, entirely overpowerd him when he thought of his daughter. Mental derangement of the moſt ſenſeleſs and vacant kind ſucceeded to a few hours of irritable fever; and though medical aſſiſtance—though every aid was adminiſtered, and a daughter's tears bathed his pillow, 'twas all in vain! and three weeks ſaw me changed, from the reputed heireſs to immenſe wealth—from the happy child of a tender parent—from the object of Colonel Darnley's love, to a poor, penniless, deſerted orphan!

"I truſt, my benevolent hearers, that you will credit me, when I ſay that the loſs of my fortune was the laſt conſideration, and that even Darnley was forgotten in the irreparable loſs of a tender father! A long period elapſed ere I could regain an appearance of tranquillity; and it was not likely that I ſhould

ſhould long enjoy it, when, after waiting ſome time in anxious and tormenting expectation, hoping to ſee or hear from Darnley while fear and doubt by turns agitated my boſom, my eyes were opened to the heart-rending certainty of his entire deſertion.

"My ſunſhine friends followed the example of my ſunſhine lover. No mercy was ſhewn to the daughter of Mr. Maxwell—to the orphan child of him who had always been a father to the friendleſs; and I was obliged to turn my thoughts from all the romance of ill-requited love, and from all my accuſations of Darnley, to the lowering ſubject of ſupporting myſelf, and procuring the common neceſſaries of life by my own individual exertion.

"By very officious friends, various plans were ſuggeſted; many were the ſituations preſented to my view, but the education of Lady Meynill's daughters was that to which at length I gave the preference: how wiſely, you may judge, Angelina, for you have ſeen the hopeful miſſes. I have purchaſed my experience,

experience, and I have learned to prefer the hardeſt bodily ſervitude to that of the mind! Such a declaration will make you ſmile, as your eye reſts on this fragile frame; but I mean that, if in my power to chuſe, I would unhesitatingly take that ſtation, which to common eyes appears the moſt diſagreeable.

"Indulged in every extravagant wiſh, and encouraged in every childiſh propenſity, I found that my two pupils did not in the leaſt comprehend the nature of my office. I never exerted (tried to exert) my authority, I ſhould ſay, but 'mamma' was appealed to, who always gave her voice in favour of Anna Matilda and Eliza Maria. I was ordered not to contradict them, where it could ſignify no end; and my avocations ſoon conſiſted only in drawing the outlines of a few flowers and figures; and after the ladies had almoſt ſpoiled them, in finiſhing and colouring them for inſpection, and in writing copies for their letters to Sir Richard Meynill, who was always at his country ſeat, and conſequently never with his wife and children, (but to whom

whom the young ladies wrote once every week, by his abſolute injunction); in making tea in the butler's room, when there was company, and in playing Caſſino with th two girls, if their mother ever left th behind her of an evening.

"This may appear a very eaſy ſituation; but, alas! the ſufferings of a dependant are not eaſily deſcribed, though they are ſeverely felt. The frequent ſpecimens which my pupils gave me of their fondneſs for deceit and prevarication, called for my remonſtrances; and though given in a gentle, and, as I hoped, a perſuaſive manner, they produced only ill effects. Too proud to brook controul, too ſelf-ſufficient to feel the neceſſity of correction, all their diſpleaſure was turned on her who had diſcerned their faults, and had had ſpirit and principle to tell them ſo. From that moment I became the object of all their ſpleen, their pettiſhneſs, and in their more lively hours, of their low cunning and wit; and the artful tricks of two ſelf-willed children, who were never

contradicted,

contradicted, and who were not deficient in invention, may be ſuppoſed to have proceeded to pretty great lengths. Yet as I was never deſired to aſſociate with the family—as I had an apartment to myſelf, and could indulge my fondneſs for reading in my retirement, my ſituation poſſeſſed ſo many deſirable advantages, that I would not haſtily forego it, without a proſpect of benefiting myſelf by the change.

"To ſay that I never thought of Darnley, would be wrong. His image would often obtrude itſelf on my mind; but my eyes were no longer blinded by paſſion: and though my heart ached as I made the confeſſion, yet I could not help confeſſing that it was a fortunate circumſtance which had enabled me to diſcover his unworthineſs, ere we had been indiſſolubly united. So generous, ſo candid, ſo humane, how was it poſſible for me to have ſuſpected a man of his apparent worth, of ſo mercenary a diſpoſition! The event had proved him ſo, however; and I tried to forget him,

him, whom it had coſt no ſtruggle to forget me.

"I had not quite effected this arduous taſk, I believe," added Miſs Maxwell, bluſhing, "when one morning I heard the voice of hilarity and noiſy mirth. My young pupils were particularly fond of that ſpecies of riotous play, which is termed romping; in which, as in every thing beſides, Lady Meynill encouraged them. I ſtill ſat on my ſeat, while every moment their ſhouts increaſed; but I was unuſually indiſpoſed that day, and felt myſelf unable to oppoſe, where I ſhould meet only with contempt and abuſe; and I heard them haſtening towards my apartment, without moving towards them, or making any attempt to quiet them: yet as the door of it was rudely burſt open, my whole frame trembled, and I ſtarted upon beholding Colonel Darnley ſtruggling with Anna Matilda for ſome plaything, which, from a love of oppoſition, and fondneſs for play, ſhe had vehemently declared he ſhould not ſee. My ſelf-poſſeſſion was inſtantly reſtored; my

countenance

countenance wore, I believe, the marks of indignant contempt, (for I felt it glow), as I ſaid, with the utmoſt ſteadineſs—'Miſs Meynill, you forget yourſelf! I muſt acquaint her Ladyſhip, if you thus inſult me by breaking into my apartment in this boiſterous way: if your playfellow does not know good manners, you ought to teach it him!' and I made a motion of my head and hand, as if to bid them withdraw. The guilty Darnley—Oh Angelina! if I could have felt a pleaſure in ſeeing myſelf revenged, that moment would have given it me!—Abaſhed, culprit-like, even trembling, he ſeemed to have exchanged ſituations with me; he hung his head, as he faltered out—'I beg your pardon, Madam—I did not know that you were here.'—He heſitated—'I accept your apology, Sir,' anſwered I, 'convinced that you did not know I was here.'—The meaning which my words, but more my looks, would have conveyed, was fully underſtood. The decided manner in which I turned away from him, convinced him that there was no appeal; and

 he

he left the room, while Anna Matilda followed him, laughing exceſſively, and enjoying the conſternation and "fidget into which ſhe had thrown *poor* Maxwell."

"From that day I took care to avoid Colonel Darnley, which, from his conſtant intimacy at Lady Meynill's, required no little care to do; but I believe that he did not wiſh to riſk a ſecond interview, and therefore his endeavours aided mine. But this little incident was a never-failing ſource for Anna Matilda; ignorant of the meaning of the ſarcaſtic words I had uttered, ſhe fancied that I was piqued at Darnley's leaving me ſo ſoon: and the various tricks which ſhe has ſince practiſed on me, it would tire you and myſelf to enumerate. I have been aſſailed with all the enraptured love profeſſions which a ſilly girl could glean from the moſt fulſome Novels; theſe have been copied on paper, and addreſſed to me, as coming from Darnley:—of courſe, the detection was eaſy; but of what uſe was detection, when it would infallibly

infallibly provoke another plan of the ſame flimſy kind.

Silence beſt ſhewed my contempt, and the conſtruction put on it could not be of much conſequence; for hourly I felt my health decline, and my ſpirits ſink. I ſaw every day (and I almoſt hailed the ſight) the progreſs which decay was making on my feeble frame. Oh, how I longed to repoſe my beating head, my aching heart on the pillow of tranquillity! Oh, how I longed to be far away, tranſported even to the loweſt cottage, if there I could have found that quiet which my weakneſs required!—But to be awakened from tranſient feveriſh ſlumber by noiſes purpoſely meant to affright me, or ſpectres which the vagaries of my pupils had conjured up for the ſame pious purpoſe, (and neither of which would have made the moſt tranſient impreſſion on me in the days of health and hilarity)—to be inſulted, tortured, obliged to ſit up for hours at Caſſino, when I had ſcarcely ſtrength to crawl to my bed, becauſe the young ladies never retired till mamma came

 home;

home; and mamma had left ſtrict orders that they ſhould be amuſed.—Oh! the recapitulation even of this mental martyrdom (for I cannot ſoften the term), almoſt makes me ſick!—I accompanied Lady Meynill here with pleaſure—here reſolved to quit her for ever! I believe I increaſed my illneſs on the road, but of that no matter. To a wiſe, an all-ſufficient God, I leave the diſpoſal of my fate, conſcious that He only, who gave me life, can know the period when I have fulfilled the purpoſes of my being; and though life may not appear to have attractions for me, yet as the moment of departure arrives, human nature is always prone to caſt a 'longing, lingering look behind.'—Yes," ſaid Miſs Maxwell, "I will confeſs my weakneſs—the idea of dying of a decline—of having it ſaid—too well I know the world—it will be ſaid that I died for Darnley—there, 'there's the rub!'—With the diſcovery of his wretched character, every veſtige of affection was ſoon annihilated from my heart; for I learned that he is one of the

many

many accompliſhed deceivers, who ruin the peace of the unwary female, while merely purſuing amuſement; and who are careſſed, courted, and applauded, according to the greatneſs of their triumphs. Shall my death then be added to his victorious laurels? Shall that be his prominent trophy?—and on the notoriety which he will derive from that event, ſhall he the more courageouſly lay about him for freſh victims? Oh Mrs. Melroſs! Angelina! ſhall my death be an incentive to further crimes?—and is there no way of telling him the abhorrence with which I contemplate his character?—is there no way of telling him that his power had ceaſed with the knowledge of his depravity?"

"Yes, there is indeed," ſaid Angelina, kiſſing her hand fervently; "live, live, my friend—recover the roſes in your cheeks—meet this monſter of deceit—ſmile in his face, and ſhew him his inſignificance!"

Miſs Maxwell ſighed as ſhe returned the friendly ſalutation of our heroine; and the ladies converſed for ſome time on the viciſſitudes

vicissitudes of life, on the fluctuation of human opinion, and on the character of Darnley: they all wondered at his being still caressed, and courted where he was known, and lamented that frivolity and vanity in their own sex which encouraged his advances.

But as the conversation of this *sapient set* may be too much in the *sombre* strain, and in the humdrum style, to suit the generality of our readers, we will leave our trio to patience, resignation, and suffering, and see how far our hot-brained exotic, Mr. Horace Fairfax, had been used to the association of these words with actions; for however high-sounding they may appear, unless they can be brought to practice, I fear they will be of little import in the *long run*—"an elegant expression for the writer of sentiment truly!"

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

SIR Herbert Manwaring had waited for ſome time with all the impatience of a gameſter, driven to his laſt ſtake, for a ſummons to his miſtreſs. Not entertaining a very high idea of the filial affection of his intended, he had more than once ſet pen to paper, in order to beſeech an abridgment of grief; but recollecting the regulated proprieties and meaſured decencies of Miſs Fitzallan, he had thrown away his pen, and reſolved to await her recall. But it was a queſtion with him, whether his numerous claimants would await it likewiſe.

 The

The ..e was expired, in which he ought to have made good his purchase of the estate in the Fitzallan vicinity; only the earnest-money had yet been paid, and that he must relinquish, did he not speedily produce the required sum. Unwilling to give up his bargain, and fearful of hurrying Miss Fitzallan, this victim to the cast of a die, and the turn of a card, experienced some of the feelings of Tantalus. His nephew was scarcely more anxious for the approaching nuptials than himself; but his feelings were described pretty minutely in the letter which he wrote to our heroine.

With all the sanguine fervour of youth, he was expecting and anticipating the auspicious answer, when, on entering his uncle's apartment, he perceived his whole countenance distorted by rage, anger, almost distraction! To his eager enquiries Sir Herbert could only reply in a voice choked by passion; and pointing t anewspaper—

"Look there!—read—reac See how I have

have been duped by a Jezabel, a Circe, an ol lying harridan!"

These words proceeding from the courtly tgue of his polifhed uncle, quite petrified airfax; but what words can paint his wonder, hen he found that they were applied to the *i-devant* Mifs Fitzallan.

The paragraph ran as follows:—

"On Thurfday laft were married at ——, by the Rev. Jonathan Mucklecorb, D. D. William Clifford, Efq. of Park Cottage, to Mifs Fitzallan, the fole heirefs of Fitzallan Caftle, in the weft of England, and the laft of that illuftrious name and family. This lady is defcended in a direct line from Lancaftrian Henry; and her anceftors have, time immemorial, worn the white rofe for their trophy: and, as if ftill tenacious of this courtly honour, the *white rofe* independently erected itfelf in the virgin heirefs's bofom, who long withftood the entreaties of her numerous train of fuppliants!—The fair

Catherine ſtill remains rooted to her ancient name; and the huſband ſhe has choſen is about to forego his own appellation, for the more diſtinguiſhed one of Fitzallan!"

Fairfax, in ſpite of the fury depicted in Sir Herbert's face, could not reſtrain a ſmile as he read this pompous and bombaſtical detail.

"Is this true, think you, Sir?" aſked he when he had finiſhed it.

"Is it poſſible to doubt it!" aſked Sir Herbert, in his turn. "Does not every word bear the current impreſſion of Miſs Fitzallan's coinage? Could any human being beſide have jumbled together ſuch a compound of nonſenſe and ridiculous bombaſt? Curſe me, if I do not think ſhe ought to be confined in Bedlam! This very paragraph would prove her worthy of the courtly honour, *nem. con.* before any Jury in England.—Devil take her! I wiſh I had never ſeen her!" and he clenched his hands, and gnaſhed

gnaſhed his teeth, and then ruſhed out of the room, leaving Fairfax greatly ſhocked at his behaviour.

Of the height to which his uncle had carried his ruling paſſion, he had no idea; but he ſaw that ſome latent motive of the moſt preſſing kind muſt have impelled him, ere he could have ſought an union with Miſs Fitzallan, and yet have formed ſo juſt an appreciation of her character. The exceſs of his diſappointment puzzled Horace's conjectures; but he truſted that a little reflection would reſtore him to temper and reaſon, and that he would then acknowledge his eſcape to have been lucky; and that he would rejoice at having been prevented from committing ſo heinous a crime, as that of marrying where his heart had felt only averſion.

Eager to gain ſome further intelligence on this ſubject, Fairfax repaired to Lady Plumtree's, albeit not very fond of goſſiping at her Ladyſhip's morning levee. Poor Horace had his curioſity ſoon ſatisfied, and learned

all that he wanted—far more than he wifhed to know.

Open-mouthed with the wonderful intelligence, Lady Plumtree's ftory began ere he had put a queftion. The infamous character of Clifford—Catherine's degradation —the deception of Angelina Melrofs—the impoftor Clara Lawfon, were all fucceffively depicted; and railing, acrimony, invective, and abufe were heaped alike on innocent and guilty—on injured and injurer!

Though it was impoffible ever to notice her fallen friend more, yet Lady Plumtree believed and exaggerated every word which fhe had written againft poor Angelina; and Lady Meynill foon appeared, to animadvert alfo, in *her* turn to declaim, and to cry that it "was but fair that others fhould fuffer as well as herfelf by the *ferpent Melrofs*."

From this unfeminine and unchriftian-like party, Fairfax foon departed—to feel that he had a barbed arrow in his heart, which promifed to abide there for ever!—His father's prejudices were placed in battle array before the

the ſterling virtues of his love; he ſighed, as he recollected that ſuch a parent as his demanded the obedience of his ſon.

"And muſt the innocent then ſuffer for the guilty?" aſked he. "And is my ſweet maid driven with ignominy from that cottage, of which ſhe uſed ſo enthuſiaſtically to talk?—Is ſhe to meet with inſults and mortifications in an unfeeling world? Muſt no one eſpouſe her cauſe? Muſt the ſins of the parent deſcend to the child?—Ah! has not a long life of ſolitude, of retirement, of deep repentance atoned for the ſins of Angelina Melroſs?"

He pauſed—he recollected the energetic glow which always mounted to the cheeks of his beloved when ſhe mentioned her mother; and he was going to pronounce her an angel of light, when, remembering this recent proof of long continued deceit, he ſtruck his breaſt, and called himſelf a miſerable being!

With much feeling, our hero had a ſpirit truly elaſtic—he had not ſo much of the deſponding Engliſhman about him, as abſolutely

to deſpair; and he wiſely reſolved to do nothing on his own judgment, but to await the return of his father. If his Clara ſhould have deceived him—if ſhe had been privy to the deception of her mother—then, coſt what it would—yes, ſhould it coſt him life itſelf, he would root her from his heart!

Some hours had elapſed, and the continued abſence of Sir Herbert began to alarm him, remembering the frantic fury with which he had departed. His ſuſpenſe was at length ended by the receipt of the following letter:—

"I am forty miles on my way towards the Continent, to which place neceſſity, not diſappointment, drives me.—Horace, remember the laſt advice of your uncle—beware how you give the reins to any ruling paſſion. My fortune is irreparably gone. I would not tell you ſo, becauſe I knew your ſpirit was like your father's, and that at his return, I ſhould have been forced by you both to ſhare your

your well-deſerved affluence. If I dared, I would have ſtaid to meet my brother, and have reſigned to him a nephew, whom I lo[illegible] and who is worthy of his parent; but "necе[illegible]y has no law."

"HERBERT MANWARING."

"Ah! what a noble mind is here overthrown by one guilty propenſity!" could Fairfax have ſaid, as he peruſed the farewell lines of his uncle. Purſuit, he knew, would now be vain, and he could only lament his impetuous haſte, but more the fatal cauſe of that impetuoſity. With gratitude he enumerated all the trials of his uncle's affection for himſelf, and thankfully ſaw the care with which he had kept him from being a party at his nightly vigils, or becoming even one of the ſpectators at theſe ſcenes of deſtruction. Alone in the world, as it were, juſt bereft of her for whom he would have lived, and deſerted by his guardian in the moment of diſtreſs, Fairfax did not, like moſt modern

modern men of faſhion, fly to diſſipation, in order to loſe his own thoughts. Perhaps ſolitude and his own thoughts were more ſupportable, from his conſcience lying dormant, which it does not always do in thoſe to whom we have alluded. But hold, hold, our pen!—no illiberal reflections! To have quitted Bath--to have varied the ſcene—to have inhaled the pure air of the country, would have been Fairfax's wiſh; but he had promiſed to await his father's return at Bath; the Jamaica fleet was momentarily expected, and he knew not that the next hour might not give him the paternal embrace! Oh that he had but returned, ere his uncle had taken this precipitate ſtep! Could that miſguided man but have heard the perſuaſive remonſtrances of him who was always eloquent, becauſe his words proceeded from native virtue and genuine feeling, then he muſt have ſeen the errors of his life—he muſt have forſworn them for ever—he muſt have been a convert to his Chriſtian brother—he muſt have acknowledged his faults, and have had his eyes open to behold the beauty of virtue.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

TO follow our heroine from the ſick chamber of Miſs Maxwell, and from thence to the tranquil habitation of her mother—to watch her as ſhe accompanied that pleaſed parent in her walk—to ſee the cheerful countenance with which ſhe undeviatingly purſued the line of duteous exertion, which ſhe was called upon to fill, might give us pleaſure, as ſhe is our heroine; but we fear would be very flat to the generality of our readers. We will not therefore attempt to particularize; and indeed it would be wrong ſo to do: for all her conduct, and every action of her life, was uniform and conſiſtent.

Miſs

Miſs Maxwell had felt the benefit of Angelina's exertions, and the cordial of her friendſhip; her health was much mended, and her ſpirits roſe in proportion; and ſhe began almoſt to form new plans for an extended exiſtence.

The diſſipation of Exmouth increaſed daily.—A nobleman of the firſt faſhion was come to be ſtationary for the whole ſummer; of courſe it was pronounced *ton*, and a great many people choſe to follow his lead, and to do as my Lord did. With a ſort of dread, Angelina looked over the liſt of arrivals, fearing that each ſucceeding name might be a former acquaintance of her mother's, or a more recent, though a ſlighter one of her own. With concern ſhe ſaw Lady Plûmtree announced, and heartily prayed to be prevented a meeting with her; as even Lady Meynill's manner had been more ſupportable to her, than the cool queſtioning and deſigning impertinence which ſhe had been uſed to receive from the choſen friend of Miſs Fitzallan.

As ufual, fhe went out only at thofe times when fhe was the leaft likely to be feen, and avoided thofe paths which were the moft frequented. A beautiful afternoon had, however, tempted her to ftray beyond her accuftomed bounds, and fome ftragglers were already on the hill. Afhamed and hurried at her imprudence, fhe quickened her pace, looking with anxiety from fide to fide, as if fhe dreaded, yet expected fome encounter, when a quick ftep was heard at her heels.—"Clara Lawfon!—Mifs Melrofs!" was announced in a tone of furprife. She turned haftily round, and beheld Colonel Darnley. Vexed, frightened, and difconcerted, fhe had not power to move—fhe ftood ftill before him. While enjoying her embarraffment and diftrefs, he folded his arms, and, with much *fang froid*, ftared her in the face. In an inftant Angelina's felf-poffeffion returned—fhe walked indignantly away; and was proceeding with hurried fteps, when he caught her arm.

"No, by Heavens! not thus muft I part with

with you!—What! after your unaccountable flight from Bath—after the ſtrange accounts which were given of it, and which kept us all in the moſt cruel ſuſpenſe, do you think I can part with you the very moment I have found you!—Little, little did I think that the retiring fair whom I was ſo cautiouſly purſuing, was the lovely Clara!" and he again ſnatched the arm which ſhe had torn from him, with the utmoſt familiarity.

Shocked and offended at his manner, Angelina ſaid, with ſome ſpirit—

"The ſlight knowledge you have of me does not authorize this boldneſs, Colonel Darnley. I inſiſt on purſuing my way unmoleſted!"

"Certainly, my lovely girl, but not unaccompanied," as he let go her arm, and ſtill walked at her ſide.—"And ſo Miſs Fitzallan has yielded up her virgin troth!—A ſad ſtory that, faith!—a blot in the eſcutheon, which even her happy art at ſmoothing cannot gloſs over! I hear Clifford leads her a ſad life—Lady Plumtree tells me ſo."

Angelina

Angelina was ſilent, and tried to walk on faſter.

"What! not a word, moſt obdurate, moſt cruel of fair ones!—Well, then, if *you* won't talk, *I* muſt, and tell you of all your old acquaintances.—Sir Herbert Manwaring is off—gone to the Continent; he is not worth a *ſous*—his debts are innumerable—debts of honour too, for they were all ſcored on the green cloth; he ſtruck the docket when his dulcinea jilted him, and having taken in his numerous friends, is gone to a land of liberty."

Angelina's breath grew ſhort—her heart panted—ſhe almoſt ſtopped, as ſhe haſtily, yet faintly ſaid—

"Taken in his friends, did you ſay!—Has—has——"

Colonel Darnley's eyes were fixed on her face; ſhe was ſilent, and reſumed her former pace.

"Oh yes, he has! he has ſpared nobody—not even his own kin, the child of his

brother.

brother. I am told he entirely ruined young Fairfax, who is off with him."

Angelina felt the colour retire from her cheek at this information; but she summoned up all her courage, though, in spite of herself, a sigh escaped her bosom.

"And how does your pulse beat now, fair lady?" asked Darnley, with the most malicious pleasure depicted in his countenance.—"Come, come, I am sure my arm will be of use now;" and before she could elude him, he drew her's within his, and dragging her along, almost stumbled over a bevy of ladies, who were coming towards them; and crying out—"I beg your pardon; I hope I have not frightened your Ladyship." Angelina, with horror, recognised Lady Plumtree amongst the group. Roused at his assurance, and at her being seen by this invidious woman in so improper a situation, Angelina said, as the ladies passed on, in a voice almost suffocated by conflicting emotions—

"Colonel Darnley, by what right do you thus

thus insult me!—I insist on your letting me go!" and with more than feminine exertion, she broke from him; and running with the swiftness of a doe, reached her mother's habitation before he had power to overtake her. Mrs. Melross was luckily in her own room; and our heroine had an opportunity of rallying her disordered spirits, ere she encountered the parental eye. Averse as she was to the slightest concealment, Angelina thought it better not to recount this very disagreeable adventure to her. It was plain, that with her change of situation, the little respect which Darnley had formerly manifested towards her, had vanished; and that he had now treated her with all the freedom which he would have adopted towards the most degraded and worthless of females.—Should she relate this to her mother, would not that suffering and unfortunate parent reflect on herself as the cause of it?—Would not she feel her own sorrows renewed in this cruel treatment of her child?—and would she not feel every insult with tenfold force, as it

recoiled

recoiled on her Angelina?—With respect to Darnley's appearance at Exmouth, on another account Angelina judged it best to be silent. Though time, his neglect, and perfidy had considerably faded his image on the imagination of Miss Maxwell, yet she thought that his sudden appearance might revive hopes of repentance and contrition, which she was well assured he would never realize, and might needlessly agitate and perplex the delicate invalid.

Having settled to keep silence, nearer subjects engrossed her mind:—"Could Darnley have spoken truth?—Had Horace Fairfax indeed fallen an unwary prey to his uncle?—Had he also fought, in a foreign clime, to hide his necessities?—Was he suffering the disgrace of an alien, as a punishment for faults committed by the hand of another—that other the brother of his father—the guardian of his youth!"

Angelina asked herself these questions, it is true—she asked them with much earnestness; but she speedily answered them in the negative: she

ſhe examined the combining circumſtances, and with ſatisfaction acknowledged that even probability was againſt them.—"Did not Fairfax in his letter"—(ſhe ſighed at the recollection of that letter)—"mention the expected return of his father? Was it likely that any neceſſities (and thoſe not of his own making) ſhould induce him to abandon a country, at the approach of him who poſſeſſed the means of annihilating their exiſtence, if an exiſtence they had had?"—Angelina knew that Darnley was not deficient in penetration, though he was deficient in every humane and virtuous feeling; ſhe had often borne his miſchievous raillery, of which herſelf and Fairfax had alternately, though obliquely, been the objects;—he had diſcovered their partiality, and had invented this tale, in order to enjoy the diſorder and embarraſſment which ſhe ſhould evince.—"How does your pulſe beat now, fair lady?" was a proof of his malice; and ſhe tried to divert her thoughts; but it would not be—ſhe prognoſticated the ill-natured ſarcaſms

of Lady Plumtree, whose broad stare had convinced her that she was known; a thousand lies would, she knew, be circulated at her expence, and at her being met in such a familiar situation with a man of Darnley's avowed character for libertinism. Though she had retired from the world, and though its applause or condemnation could eventually be nothing to her—though its sarcasms might never reach her ears, yet she felt that she was not callous to its opinion—she felt a coward when she thought of its "dread laugh;" but she felt more than a coward, when she considered that its malicious insinuations might even reach Horace Fairfax, who had formerly almost expressed his jealousies on the subject of Darnley.

On the succeeding morning, the servant opened the door of the room where Mrs. and Miss Melross were sitting at work; and to the surprise of the former, and the inexpressible mortification of the latter, Lady Plumtree entered.

"How d'ye do—how d'ye do?" said she,

in

in anſwer to the graceful movement which Mrs. Melroſs made on her entrance.—"So, Clara, Angelina, or whatever, your name is—how are you? Ah, child, I don't wonder at your bluſhing!—Well, Mrs.—Mrs. a——Mrs. Melroſs, I am come to aſk you all about this Miſs Fitzallan, and if it be true that ſhe and Clifford fight like cat and dog. Well, well, if it be ſo, you know one can't wonder!—A mad creature—the murderer of her brother! How could ſhe ever think that the world would receive her again?—The ſon of her father's ſteward too—aye, that's the great point!—for Mr. Fitzallan certainly acted a very culpable part, and in that affair there were certainly faults on both ſides."

Mrs. Melroſs ſunk on the window-ſeat, and reſted her head on her hand. Angelina ran to ſupport her parent, and caſt a look of reprimand at Lady Plumtree, which ſhe could not, or would not underſtand.—She proceeded—

"Ah! I don't wonder at your mother's being affected with the recollection of Mr.

Fitzallan's baſeneſs: he certainly, by all accounts, uſed her very ill, and——"

"Muſt I be obliged to tell your Ladyſhip," interrupted Angelina impatiently, "that there are ſorrows too ſacred even for the ear of friendſhip, and conſequently wholly impervious to the officious impertinence of curioſity!"

"Oh, Miſs, you tell me no news;—the circumſtances of ſome people's lives would not very well bear a diſcloſure to the eye of day!"

"If by ſome people, your Ladyſhip means to convey an innuendo here," ſaid Angelina, "the malicious ſhaft is powerleſs. But why do I waſte my time?" recollecting herſelf, and gently withdrawing from the ſupport of her nearly lifeleſs parent.

"Oh, I do not mean to intrude—I am gone. Colonel Darnley, perhaps, had been a more opportune viſitor; but beware, girl, how you follow your mother's example, to your eternal ruin."

"I can never follow a better, I am ſure," ſaid

ſaid Angelina, warmly; "her ſteps lead to certain happineſs!"

This was ſpoken at the door of the houſe, to which ſhe had followed her unwelcome gueſt. A footman came towards them; ſeeing Angelina, he took off his hat, and ſaid—

"Colonel Darnley deſires his compliments, and begs to enquire after the health of Mrs. and Miſs Melroſs."

Lady Plumtree tittered.—"A very reſpectful meſſage indeed!" ſaid ſhe.

Angelina hung her head.

"Miſs Melroſs! what, not a word, child! no anſwer to this moſt polite of enquiries? Shall I give one for you?—The ladies are both well, Sir," turning to the man, "and beg to thank the Colonel for his polite attention;" then, throwing a ſarcaſtic glance at Angelina, her Ladyſhip walked off.

Angelina returned to her mother, who had a little recovered from the diſorder which the preſence, but more the words of Lady Plumtree had cauſed.

"My deareſt Angelina!" ſighed ſhe,

"what could occafion that ftrange woman's vifit? To what can I impute her uncommon converfation!"

"To curiofity, malevolence, and impertinence," anfwered Angelina, with more fpirit than fhe ufually affumed. "Let us forget her, dear Madam. I do not think that fhe will be eafily induced to pay us another vifit. She wanted food for fcandal, and made fure of a fumptuous banquet here; but finding her hopes baffled, and that you did not rail even at your enemies, fhe vented her ire on our defencelefs heads."

"Would have vented it, you mean, Angelina!—You filenced her almoft ere fhe began the attack. My child, this is not the place for us; every day we fhall be fubjected to rencontres like this—every day our mortifications may be renewed, our memories refrefhed. The remoteft combinations have ftill power over me; and though I know that I ought to fteel my fenfes, and to be invulnerable to every attack, it will not do: —my fenfibility is ftill acutely alive to every

retrofpective

retrospective scene; and since 'tis 'hard to combat, I must learn to fly!'—Yes, Angelina, we must quit this place on your account, my child. I should regret it, if I had the means of forming an acquaintance for you; but, alas! the light in which I am estimated by the world, forbids this, and the innocent child suffers for the faults of her parents.—'Whatever is, is right:' to that opinion I cheerfully subscribe; and though I may sometimes be tempted to wish a happier destiny for you, Angelina, yet I willingly kiss the rod which corrects me according to my deserts. Will you forgive me, if I take you into closer solitude?"

"Forgive you!" cried Angelina, passionately kissing the hand of Mrs. Melrose; "best of mothers, why ask the question? You are the world to me—your society is all my happiness! In that which I met with at Miss Fitzallan's——" She hesitated, as her thoughts recurred for an instant to Horace Fairfax—"I doubly learned to appreciate its value."

A long converſation now enſued; and though the ladies ſettled the plan of leaving Exmouth, yet they knew not where to go, as travelling was expenſive, and nothing was to be done a ſecond time, without mature deliberation.

Mrs. Melroſs reſolved to write to Mr. Sutton, to find a ſituation for her in ſome remote ſpot, which ſhe might retire to unmoleſted. His profeſſion rendered it very probable that he might meet with ſomething to ſuit her; and ſhe immediately put her deſign into execution. But ſhe did not at preſent acquaint Jervis with her intention, unwilling to diſtreſs her with it, till there was an abſolute neceſſity for it; as with all Mrs. Jervis's aſſociations of prejudices and localities, Mrs. Melroſs was convinced that the intelligence would be a ſource of real uneaſineſs to her.

Miſs Maxwell would probably have quitted the place, ere ſhe had met with a ſituation; therefore it would be fooliſh to awaken the poor invalid with fears of ſo remote a contingency.

Escaped from her mother's presence, the thoughts of Angelina reverted to the impertinent freedom of Darnley. She saw that, for the sake of adding one leaf of laurel in his plume of victory, he was meditating the destruction of her character; and that his machinations were already beginning to take effect, was evident, from the malicious insinuations of Lady Plumtree.

To hasten her mother's departure, was our heroine's first wish; but how could she do that with any propriety, while she was ignorant of a place to which to bend her course? To precipitate her into an act which she might repent of, by hurrying her into worse evils than those from which she fled—by throwing herself on the world, would never do; and *silence and patience* was her motto: as, in kind consideration to her mother, she now more than ever resolved to keep entire silence with respect to Colonel Darnley.

But while she did this, she studiously avoided him; and Mrs. Melross, with

melancholy ſurpriſe, obſerved that after Lady Plumtree's viſit, Angelina confined herſelf almoſt wholly to the houſe. Concluding that ſhe did this from a fear of encountering her Ladyſhip a ſecond time, Mrs. Melroſs would have been paſſive; but fearing that her child's health would ſuffer from entire ſecluſion, ſhe at length exerted her maternal authority; and, half aſhamed at her ſeeming obſtinacy, Angelina conſented to take her accuſtomed walks.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

As Angelina was purſuing her way rather reluctantly one evening, two gentlemen paſſed her in earneſt converſation. He who was neareſt to her, was dreſſed in black:—his form was graceful—his countenance, from the ſlight view ſhe had of it, appeared intelligent and expreſſive, though it had a ſallow hue:—the other did not look towards her, but his air, his height, his walk, his form, as ſhe watched his receding ſteps, all ſtrongly reminded her of Horace Fairfax. Her heart palpitated—a miſt ſeemed to come before her eyes, as the idea ſtarted to her mind; yet an irreſiſtible curioſity impelled her

her ſteps; and ſhe purſued her walk, and took the way which the ſtrangers had choſen though a turn in the road had hid them from her view. Almoſt unknowingly, ſhe continued her way, when at length ſhe perceived the ſtrangers returning, though at ſome diſtance. Her perturbation now roſe to a height almoſt inſupportable. Should one of them indeed be Fairfax, how could ſhe meet his eye? How could ſhe receive his addreſs? What could ſhe ſay to him?—The tumult in her boſom increaſed as the gentlemen approached. She would now have given worlds to have hid herſelf from their view. Impatiently ſhe looked from ſide to ſide; there were no means of eſcaping: her knees tottered—ſhe was almoſt ſinking to the ground, as one of their voices reached her ear. As its mellow cadence was borne on the fleeting breeze,—"It muſt be Horace Fairfax!" thought ſhe. Her reſpiration became ſhort. He was almoſt come up to her; and ſhe already fancied ſhe diſcerned his ſparkling eyes eagerly watching her countenance, when

when her emotion ſubdued her; her limbs refuſed their office, and ſhe was ſinking to the earth. Her arm was caught;—it was forcibly drawn within that of another—it was Colonel Darnley!

"Lean on me, deareſt Miſs Melroſs," ſaid he. "I perceive how unfit you are to encounter theſe long walks."

The two gentlemen paſſed Angelina at this moment. Colonel Darnley ſlightly touched his hat, and with terror and amazement our heroine looked up. Her eyes caught the tranſient, yet indignant glance of Fairfax; he bruſhed haſtily by her, and ſeizing the arm of his companion, they quickened their pace, as anxious to eſcape from her.

Mute and terror-ſtricken as our heroine had been during the laſt minute, her preſence of mind now returned, and with it her reſolution. She broke from Colonel Darnley, and in a voice of agony cried out—

"By

"By what right is it, Sir, that you constantly single out me for the object of your persecution?"

"Rather ask me, ungrateful fair-one, why I am so constantly near you in every difficulty!—Can the miser cease to wander round his hoarded tre sure? Can he cease to watch, protect, and shelter it?"

"The protection of Colonel Darnley resembles that of the wolf guarding the lamb," said Angelina; "and I must now beg that you will quit me, Sir. I am conscious that your intentions are of the most base and unmanly kind; you meanly try to take advantage of the very peculiar situation in which I am placed; and by contriving to throw yourself in my way, when most sure of observation, you hope to *blow* away my character, as you have already done that of too many others. But I am aware of your designs, and, thank God, can circumvent them; for the utmost of your malice will be futile, except

as

as it recoils on yourſelf, which it will eventually do!"

"Charming Angelina, hear me only a few moments longer! Hear me vow eternal fidelity and love to her who is the firſt, the laſt, the *only* object for which my heart has ſighed!"

Miſs Maxwell's name was on the point of eſcaping from the lips of Angelina; but ſhe reſtrained herſelf in time, and by ſilence contrived to ſhew the deſpicable Darnley the contempt with which ſhe beheld him.

For a moment Darnley bit his lips in mortification; but reſuming his aſſurance, and with it the art of tormenting, he made violent and ardent profeſſions of his love and regard: and on Angelina's bidding him be ſilent eternally on ſo hateful a ſubject, he told her, with the utmoſt *nonchalance*, that ſhe might as well conſent to his propoſals at once, and thus form her own and his happineſs; for that their *arrangement* had already been ſettled by the world, and that all Exmouth had long ſince diſcovered who

had

had placed the adorable Melrofs and her mother in their fnug habitation.

"You fuppofe, Sir, that I can credit this!" faid Angelina, urged beyond command, and involuntarily breaking through her felf-impofed taciturnity. "Is it likely that the world has taken the trouble of framing a ftory which has not the fhadow of probability for its foundation? And dare you affront me in this manner, becaufe I am a defencelefs, fatherlefs girl? There is ftill one who cares for me, who fees the fufferings of the leaft of his creatures, and who will terribly *requite* the injurer of innocence!"

"I would *defend* it from every fhaft of *misfortune!* My *heart's* blood is not more precious to me than is my lovely Angelina!"

The altered, the warm, the energetic voice with which Darnley uttered the laft fentence, was accounted for by the near approach of a party of ladies and gentlemen, of whom, to fill up the meafure of

our heroine's vexations, Lady Plumtree made one. She gave her a nod *en paſſant*, which could eaſily be tranſlated into—" I know how it is."

" We ſee you at the Rooms, Darnley, by-and-by," ſaid one of the beau loungers.

" Impoſſible this evening," ſaid the Colonel, in a decided tone.

" Oh but we muſt indeed!—Remember your bet with Singleton.

" But when a lady's in the caſe,
" You know all other things give place."

ſaid this heroic ſon of Mars, in an articulate and pointed tone of voice, glancing towards Angelina; who, though almoſt paralyzed at hearing this, contrived to make the beſt of her way, and was once more lodged in the cottage ere he had overtaken her.

A flood of tears relieved her burſting heart; and to her mother's earneſt en-

quiries as to the cauſe of her diſtreſs, ſhe at length anſwered that ſhe had had another meeting with Lady Plumtree.

"I poſſeſs a cordial for this ailment, which I truſt will be efficacious, my love," ſaid Mrs. Melroſs. "A letter from Mr. Sutton:—he has found us a ſituation, which I think will anſwer our purpoſe.—Read it, and tell me what you think of it."

With trembling fingers, Angelina read as follows in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE LETTER.

" MY DEAR MADAM,

" I SHOULD have been much hurt at the contents of your kind letter, had it not luckily fallen in my way to point out a ſituation to you which I hope will be exactly what you would wiſh. I have a brother, who has been for ſome years the Rector of a pariſh called Riverſdale, about twelve miles from Briſtol. It is ſituated in a peaceful vale, lies two or three miles

miles from the public road, and is as retired as you can wiſh. Except a few cottages, the hamlet conſiſts only of the parſonage houſe, and a ſmall dwelling, which has been inhabited for many years by a widow lady. She has yielded up her life, and my brother had juſt conſigned her remains to the earth, when, almoſt immediately on the receipt of your letter, buſineſs drew me to his habitation. He was expreſſing his great loſs in the death of his old neighbour, and his wiſh of getting a tenant into her vacated manſion (of which he has the letting for the relatives of the deceaſed, who live in Briſtol), when it occurred to me, that it would be the exact thing to ſuit you. A deſcription of it would be needleſs; you muſt ſee it, my dear Madam. My brother will impatiently wait to ſhew it to you; and I think I may venture to ſay that you may leave Exmouth, for I am confident that you will approve of it.

"The

"The furniture neat, and in good order, yet not superfluous or useless, may be had at a fair valuation. We are all selfish in our views, you know; and as I have entirely lost my respected Mrs. Melross and her amiable daughter myself, I am willing to benefit a part of my family by their proximity.

"The Rector, Mr. Sutton, his wife, and daughter have been for years prepared to love and respect you; though till very lately they knew you as Mrs. Lawson, the name of Melross has only heightened their respect.

"I have one nephew; at present he is absent from home, engaged in the service of his King and country. He is a valiant and brave youth, the pride of my brother's house, and deserves the name of a British sailor.

"It is a remark, made, I fear, with some foundation, that few of my profession are to be met with, whose minds are properly imbued with the importance and efficacy of religion.

religion. I glory in acknowledging its power, and in feeling its consolations; and in owning that for my sense of it, I am indebted to the good example and wholesome doctrines of my brother, who is a truly Christian Clergyman, without hypocrisy, without guile.

"But I will not be too diffuse, lest you should think me hyperbolical, or imagine me not serious, when you read a lawyer's opinions on religion. A *little* society will I am sure benefit both you and Miss Melross; and you will be prized as you deserve, at the Rectory of Riversdale.

"And now, my dear Madam, let me tell you that your loss is still felt by Mrs. Sutton and myself. No business *now* calls me through Fitzallan Park; and with all my heart, I am glad of it!—for when I turned my eyes on the deserted cottage, I verily think I should play the fool, and blubber.

"I fear that the heiress sorely rues the step which she was so unaccountably induced

duced to take. I am told that domeftic bickerings are more violent than ever; they are occafioned by the frequent demands which *Mr. Clifford Fitzallan* (as he is called) makes for frefh fums with which to feed his extravagancies. Nothing can exceed the expence of his ftud, his carriages, and his liveries. It is always thus when vice and folly are fuddenly raifed from a low eftate to fplendid affluence. If one could pity fo very unprepoffeffing a character, we might heave a figh to the fate of Catherine, who, from lording it over all the world, is now become the flave even of her fervant.

"Clifford rules her with a rod of iron, and his name is held over her head, it is faid, *in terrorem*, by Mrs. Letfom, if her Lady does not immediately accede to every abfurd propofition of her's.

"I will not detain your attention any longer; if my brothers of the quill are prolix and diffufe, they are not famed for their powers of entertainment. If any thing

thing could call forth mine, it would be when I had the honour of addreſſing you.

"Accept, with Miſs Melroſe, the reſpectful regards of Mrs. Sutton and myſelf; and believe me, with much eſteem,

"Your obedient ſervant,

"HENRY SUTTON."

Nothing could at this moment have given Angelina more pleaſure than the contents of Mr. Sutton's letter. Exmouth was now become hateful to her, and the deſcription of Riverſdale exactly correſponded with her wiſhes; it appeared to her the only haven where ſhe might gain repoſe from the perſecutions and mortifications with which ſhe had been aſſailed: and her eagerneſs to ſet out immediately to view it, did not eſcape the obſervation of Mrs. Melroſe. She at firſt viewed her with ſome degree of ſurpriſe; but recollecting that

that in the ſanguine ſeaſon of youth every mortification is felt with poignancy, and that her Angelina had twice been ſubjected to the impertinent ſarcaſms of Lady Plumtree; recollecting, too, that no ſacrifice on her part could be too great for ſuch a duteous and affectionate child, ſhe acceded to her wiſhes, and the following morning was fixed on for their departure.

Mrs. Melroſs fancied her taſk would be painful in breaking the news to old Jervis; but ſhe was agreeably ſurpriſed to find that the faithful creature readily acquieſced in her plan of removal. The innovations and alterations which had taken place in her native town, ſince ſhe had known it, had occaſioned panegyric to give place to declamation; when ſhe talked of it, her opinions were unchangeable, and ſhe could ill brook the words *improvement* and *reform* in cuſtoms and manners, where ſhe thought them ſo wholly inapplicable. She was eager to provide for the wants of the travellers; and, much intereſted in the ſucceſs of their

journey, ſhe promiſed to await a letter from them, which ſhe hoped would announce the pleaſing intelligence of Riverſdale ſuiting them, when ſhe would, without delay, follow.

Grateful to this valuable domeſtic for ſharing her fortunes, and aſſiſting her with her faithful friendſhip, Mrs. Melroſs now left her, and ſeeking Angelina, propoſed their going together to call on Miſs Maxwell; but, for the firſt time in her life, ſhe ſaw Angelina decidedly refuſe a propoſition of her's: tears ſtreamed down her cheeks, as ſhe gave the negative; ſhe pleaded fatigue, lowneſs of ſpirits, total inability to part with her amiable invalid—in ſhort, ſhe urged every thing to convince her mother that ſhe could not accompany her; and Mrs. Melroſs departed alone, yet charged with a thouſand kind meſſages, and reſolving to extort a promiſe from Miſs Maxwell that ſhe would accompany Jervis to Riverſdale, ſhould they reſolve to continue there.

Left to herſelf, our heroine indulged her tears without reſtraint. The fluctuating ſcenes and events of the laſt three hours appeared like a dream; but from ſuch another dream ſhe hoped to be kept for ever! She had met Horace Fairfax—ſhe had ſeen him, who muſt have accuſed her as the moſt inconſtant and frivolous of her ſex, even before this meeting. But now—good God! would he not pronounce her the moſt abandoned and worthleſs? would he not point her out to his father (for that venerable form, ſo full of dignity and grace, could it be any other than Mr. Fairfax?) as the artful girl who had deceived him under the moſt ſpecious appearances? He would be queſtioned as to her hiſtory; the events at Fitzallan Caſtle would be canvaſſed over; her valued mother's character would be ſtigmatized, mentioned even with opprobrium; and Mr. Fairfax would point the moral to his ſon, by ſhewing the juſtice of his former remark; his *prejudice* (which was indelibly engraven on

her mind) would gain double ſtrength, as the child, in his eyes, would have evidently followed the ſame path (the path of error, of guilt, of depravity) into which her unhappy parent had wandered.

"Thus will he think, thus will he judge, unheard, unknown, unpitied; we ſhall be both condemned. My idolized, my virtuous mother, the victim of vice and deception!—her unhappy child the victim of appearances, of ſingularly concurring circumſtances!"

Angelina then fell into a profound train of meditation; and though her cheek fluſhed, and ſhe trembled with reſentment, as ſhe made the obſervation, ſhe was convinced that Darnley had waylaid her, had watched the proper time to make his appearance, in order to ſcandalize her with the world. Though Fairfax's meeting her was accidental, yet it was propitious to the Colonel; and watching at a diſtance, he had boldly ſeized on the moment, when ſhe had l.ft her ſelf-poſſeſſion, to blight her

her character, by giving her his aſſiſtance, when ſhe had neither power nor ſtrength to repulſe him. Lady Plumtree too, her impertinent ſtare, the boldneſs of the gentleman who had addreſſed Darnley, the tone of levity, of effrontery, and decided triumph in which he had anſwered!—ſhe ſhuddered with horror as ſhe made the retroſpect.

"And are there really ſuch characters in the world?" ſighed ſhe. "Men who wear the appearance of vice, in order to gain the applauſe of the multitude!—who take away the peace and happineſs of others, merely to be pointed out as the *ſucceſsful triumphers over innocence!*—who would blacken the characters of females whom they ſcarcely know, to plume themſelves on fancied ſuper-eminence in libertiniſm!—Oh deareſt mother! let us go to Riverſdale; let us remain 'far from the haunts of men, and eye of day,' rather than be again expoſed to ſuch mental cruelty!"

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

Our readers may imagine the ſurpriſe of Miſs Maxwell, at being acquainted with the ſudden reſolution of her friends; but ſhe forbore to utter her regrets, or to awaken the feelings of Mrs. Melroſs by uſeleſs expreſſions of ſorrow. Grateful for ſuch a proof of friendſhip, the delicate yet almoſt convaleſcent Jemima eagerly accepted Mrs. Melroſs's invitation, and promiſed to join her at Riverſdale, with Mrs. Jervis.

We will not particularize, but fancy our heroine and her mother on their journey. Nothing occurred on the road worth relating: Angelina's heart ſeemed dying within her, as they ſtopped to change chaiſes at Exeter, for ſhe thought ſhe ſaw Darnley lounging in the court-yard of the inn. She retired from the window of the parlour, where ſhe had been ſtanding, in much trepidation, and looked fearfully round the yard, as ſhe again got into the carriage; but ſeeing no veſtige of the object

object of her dread, ſhe reſumed her tranquillity, and arrived in ſafety and comparative peace at Riverſdale, which, as being a new ſcene, requires a new chapter.

CHAP. XV.

EMBOSOMED in a vale, the hamlet of Riverſdale roſe in tranquil ſecurity; the lofty ſpire of its Church gave a grace and elegance to its appearance; the whitened Rectory and the ivied cottage (which Mrs. Melroſs was to inhabit) wore a look of rural ſimplicity; while the tufted

lawns of a manor-house (almost obscured in distance), its shelving woods, its venerable turrets, and the grey hills of Mendip, far as the eye could reach, finished the scene with a grandeur and sublimity, which happily contrasted themselves with the more common and domestic objects.

The good Rector received his guests with unaffected pleasure and cheerful hospitality; his helpmate's manner evinced her desire of keeping them for her neighbours, and Maria Sutton followed the example of her parents; and by degrees the timidity of her first *entrée* wore off, when she found that their guests exhibited none of that cool insolence and assumed consequence with which she had more than once been repelled by modern females at her first approach.

In rational, sensible, and pleasant society, Mrs. and Miss Melross could not find themselves ill at ease. The first evening passed rapidly; and the next morning, with a resolution to overlook every deficiency,

ciency, to make light of a few inconveniences—in ſhort, to be pleaſed with every thing, they ſet out to inſpect their propoſed reſidence.

In ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, they were moſt agreeably ſurpriſed to find the cottage exceeded their hopes, and that they muſt have been unreaſonably faſtidious to have ſtarted objections. The dwelling conſiſted of two ſmall, but light ſitting-rooms, which overlooked a garden, whoſe "balmy ſweets" ſcented the air: the "mantling ivy" clothed the front of the little habitation, and entwined itſelf around the ſpacious caſements, though, by judicious training, it had not been ſuffered to exclude the light. A kitchen and wood-houſe below, and four bedchambers above, formed the extent of the little tenement, and was quite as ſpacious as Mrs. Melroſs wiſhed. The furniture was plain and neat, and had been choſen on a uſeful and economical plan, and was more conſonant with the inſide of a cottage,

 than

than with the modern taſte for ornamenting buildings of this denomination.

No convex mirrors brightened the walls, no golden branches, no cryſtal luſtres were to be found: convenience was ſtudied, as well as comfort, and the ſimplicity which reigned throughout, was more adapted to *village elegance*, than would have been the decorations above deſcribed.

Mrs. Melroſs's deciſion was ſoon fixed, and it appeared to give the moſt unfeigned pleaſure to her new friends, who accompanied their gueſts again to the Rectory, and conſtrained them to remain there a few days, from whence the welcome ſummons was given to Miſs Maxwell and Jervis.

We ſcarcely need add, that it was almoſt inſtantly obeyed; and after being beat about the rocks and ſtorms of life, our trio of friends at length thought they had entered the haven of repoſe and tranquillity.

Mr. Sutton's character was almoſt a perfect

perfect exemplification of the true Chriſtian preacher; his religion was the religion of the heart; it diffuſed itſelf over his whole ſoul; it might be traced in every action, it might be heard in every ſentiment: yet it did not give the tone of his voice an affected and ſingular whine—it did not ſtiffen his movements, or brace his manners into gloomy ſeverity! No! his Maker had given him the benign and ſocial affections; Nature had implanted in his conſtitution more than a common ſhare of cheerfulneſs; and while labouring with diligence in his Maſter's vineyard, while ſeeing the good effects of his labour, while "richly enjoying" the ſweets of life in his domeſtic connections, in his health of body, and his worldly competence, to have been gloomy, to have been reſerved, would have been the height of miſanthropic ingratitude; ſince the hilarity and ſprightlineſs of Mr. Sutton formed the comfort and happineſs of his family.

His ſtudy was chiefly the Book of Life; his preaching enforced the practical duties, while it inſpired firm faith and religious confidence. Morality was not overlooked, yet he forgot not to ſay that moral duty formed not the whole code of the Chriſtian's law. His humble hearers were intereſted, and convinced by his arguments; they ſaw in his life a proof that the doctrines he preached, were calculated for happineſs, even in this world; and what could they do better, than to follow his precepts?

An elegant claſſical ſcholar, literary reſearches were amongſt the higheſt enjoyments of Mr. Sutton; yet nothing of learning was diſcernible in his addreſſes to his country congregation. Though *nicely* faſtidious where the honour of religion was concerned, yet he could eaſily yield his own gratification to that of others in indifferent points; and where the tendency was avowedly good, and the ſentiments innocent, he often amuſed Mrs. Sutton and Maria of a

winter

winter evening, while they purſued their work, by reading to them ſome tale of imagination, ſome fancied picture of domeſtic diſtreſs;—even a ſober rubber at whiſt was amongſt his irregularities, and here of *courſe* we expect the ſententious ſarcaſms of our readers ("A card playing parſon!—ſhame, ſhame on the age!"), who now diſcover that this good Paſtor was a wolf in ſheep's clothing.

As a *little* juſtification (for we cannot help taking his part), we muſt ſay that he never *paid for his* cards! .

"*That* a juſtification!—ſhocking!" cries a fair enraged female; "that is only a pitiful evaſion, to ſave his pocket!"

That he never had played in the Bath Rooms—that his ſtake never exceeded ſilver threepences!

"Oh the vulgar wretch!"

And that his winnings were always ſeen to ſlide into the open hand of his Maria.—As ſhe uſually ſkipped down the village on the ſucceeding morning, we will leave our

readers

readers to guess what she did with them: perhaps she flung them into a brook which flowed at the door of a cottage, where lived a poor woman with six children, disdaining to appropriate "*the wages of sin*" to any use! But as Maria was neither a bigot or fanatic, we will hope better things of her, and return to our party; but as we have brought them to this dull part of the world, we greatly fear that we shall fall under the lash of our fair readers' vindictive eyes: for in the society of this Rector, whatever may be his virtues and his merits, there is little with which to gratify the taste of our polished damsels. We acknowledge ourselves to be in a very awkward predicament; and it is very uncertain if we shall ever recover ourselves.

Active benevolence and friendly warmth were the leading traits of Mrs. Sutton's character. With these Maria Sutton blended a simplicity and diffidence which wonderfully interested Angelina; while Maria, in her turn, saw in Miss Melross a faultless

human

human being:—ſhe admired Mrs. Melroſs; Miſs Maxwell engaged her friendſhip; but Angelina poſſeſſed—we had almoſt ſaid—her whole heart.

Angelina was delighted to have, for the firſt time, two female companions nearly of her own age, and was much intereſted for the gentle Maria; while, in the more poliſhed converſe of Miſs Maxwell, ſhe found her greateſt gratification; and when ſhe contemplated the tranquil countenance of her mother, the grateful look of Jemima, the peaceful eaſe of their habitation, tears of gratitude filled her eyes, which were too often followed by the unbidden ſigh; and the recollection of Fairfax, of the opinion which the malice of Darnley had cauſed him to form of her conduct, would for a moment blight all the pleaſing proſpects which ſhe had been recently delighting to contemplate;—for a moment we ſay, for better thoughts would recur; and to nouriſh deſpondence and melancholy, when in the midſt of ſo many and

so great comforts, our heroine knew to be very blameable.

Enthusiastic in her attachments, and those attachments, from her situation, unavoidably comprised into a very small circle, there was no medium in the regard of Maria Sutton. Her parents she had always with her; her feelings towards them were consequently tranquillized by security;—but her brother, her Lionel, absent, and ploughing the salt seas, exposed to danger, war, famine—even death itself, was calculated to call forth all the impetuous feelings of her soul; and loving him almost to adoration, her waking thoughts, her nightly dreams were engrossed by his image. Her conversations with Angelina had generally him for their theme; and—"Oh *that* is so like Lionel!"—"How Lionel would admire to hear you say so!"—"Oh if you could but see him!"—"I can but introduce him to you!" filled every pause in their discourses.

"Why, my dear, it will be dangerous

to

to ſee him, after all you have ſaid.—She muſt be careful of her heart, I am ſure," would Mrs. Melroſs ſay, laughingly, while the deep bluſh and the ſmothered ſigh, which iſſued from Angelina's boſom, would for a moment caſt a cloud over the countenance of the watchful mother, who feared that Horace Fairfax's image was ſtill cheriſhed in the boſom of her daughter.

"He muſt be careful of *his*, I am ſure," would Maria anſwer.—"Sailors, you know, my dear Madam, are ſure to fall in love when they get to ſhore; and I dare ſay Lionel will not form an exception to a general rule."

"A pretty compliment you would pay me, indeed!" cried Angelina; "he *muſt*, from *dire* neceſſity, fall in love, and has only to chuſe between us two.—Miſs Maxwell, are not we in a moſt trying and perilous ſituation? You muſt call up all your artillery, with which to begin your attack, leſt I ſhould outſtrip you."

"Ah!"

"Ah!" cried Jemima, penfively, "*my artillery* has long been exhaufted. I yield the palm to you."

CHAP. XVI.

MRS. Melrofs had been two months at Riverfdale, when Mr. Sutton received a letter from his fon, informing him of his return to England. All was buftle, animation, and expectation at the Rectory. Maria Sutton could not reftrain her feelings or her joy at the intelligence; fhe ran round the houfe, as if to make every inanimate object a participater in her delight, and

and ſhe flew to the cottage, to make her friends there acquainted with it alſo.—Placid and ſerene, from a ſtrong mind, and an approving conſcience, alive to the ſofter feelings, and loving his Lionel with more than parental fondneſs, Mr. Sutton's ſelf-poſſeſſion was yet unſubdued; and while he witneſſed the tears of joy which rolled down the cheeks of his wife—while he ſaw the agitated tremor of his Maria, he preſſed them by turns to his breaſt; he congratulated them on the near approach of happineſs; nor did he breathe one word that reproved them for giving way to their emotions.

"This is not the period," thought he, "to reſtrain theſe tumultuous emotions; this is not the time to check the exceſs of feeling; it would be ſevere, it would be miſanthropic to do it: but my Maria muſt try to regulate her mind—ſhe muſt teach it to meet proſperity with ſteadineſs; ſhe muſt ſtrengthen it, to hold up, undiſmayed, againſt adverſity. Senſibility, ſuffered to run

run beyond its proper confines, becomes the ſcourge of our exiſtençe, though it is one of the amiable affections of our nature, when bounded by reaſon and propriety."

Riverſdale Rectory was to exhibit the moſt perfect happineſs the day on which Lionel Sutton was expected. A feaſt was prepared, of which Mrs. Melroſs, Angelina, even the timid and penſive Jemima conſented to partake; and while the more refined part of the village was entertained in the parlour, its more ruſtic inhabitants were not to be overlooked in the kitchen: for there was nothing ſelfiſh in the mind of Mr. Sutton; and if *he* had cauſe to rejoice himſelf, he wanted the whole univerſe to rejoice with him.

Lionel Sutton was expected at dinner, and Mrs. Melroſs, Jemima, and Angelina were going out of the houſe, when they were met by a child of the poor woman at the bottom of the village, whoſe cot, as has been before mentioned, overlooked the brook. She had fallen into a fit; and as

Mrs.

Mrs. Melrofs's habitation was nearer than the Rectory, as the *hearts* of its inhabitants were by this time well known at Riverfdale, application was there made for affiftance, and Jervis inftantly fet off with every neceffary reftorative; but Mrs. Melrofs feeling anxious about the poor invalid, Angelina refolved to go to her alfo, while her mother confented to walk on to the Rectory alone. Jemima was unequal to the prolongation of her walk, and unwilling to fuffer Angelina to go all the way to the Rectory unaccompanied; fhe therefore refolved to await her return at the cottage, and then to proceed with her: as though the Rectory was not above half a mile diftance from Mrs. Melrofs's, that was quite as long a walk as Mifs Maxwell's flowly recruiting ftrength was equal to.

Light as a fylph, our heroine foon reached the cot, which ftood in the road which led through the village, and had the fatiffaction of finding the poor woman returning to her fenfes.

Having

Having watched her ſome time, and ſeen her gradually recover, having charged Jervis not to leave her while there was the remoteſt chance of a relapſe, ſhe quitted her, and was purſuing her way, when ſhe heard chaiſe-wheels rattling behind her. Imagining it was Lionel Sutton, and curious to ſee the ſon and brother of her good neighbours, ſhe haſtily turned her head, and, to her utter aſtoniſhment and diſmay, encountered the abhorred countenance of Colonel Darnley. A ſmile of triumph ſeemed to paſs over his features; he inſtantly called to his poſtillions (for he had four horſes to the vehicle), and ordered the ſtep to be let down. He was immediately obeyed, and at the ſide of Angelina.

"Miſs Melroſs! my adored Angelina! —how fortunate, how *more* than fortunate!" He ſeized her hand, while ſhe averted her face, and uttered not a word.—"What! will you not ſpeak to me? Will you not ſay one word, or caſt one look on your adoring, ſupplicating Darnley?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!" cried Angelina, ſummoning her reſolution, and trying in vain to eſcape from his firm graſp—"I will bid him leave me inſtantly, nor dare preſume, by freſh inſults, to add to that load of injury which he has already heaped on me!"

"Injury!—Impoſſible! I would ſhield thee from every danger, every injury!—Fly with me! Enter this chaiſe, which ſhall convey you to certain, endleſs happineſs!"

"How dare you wound my ears with ſuch language?—Unhand me, Sir!" cried ſhe, ſtruggling to diſengage herſelf, but in vain;—he was deaf to her entreaties, and continued forcibly to drag her towards the chaiſe. Regarding him with a look of the moſt unfeigned ſcorn, Angelina ſaid—

"Are you really ſerious in this unmanly, this diabolical attempt?"

"Yes, on my life, my ſoul, I am!" anſwered he, ſtill endeavouring to force her to the carriage. "This road is unfrequented; theſe men are in my intereſt: thanks to my

my lucky ſtars, we are too far from the village, to——"

He ſtarted—wheels were again heard—another carriage was coming down the lane. He haſtily pulled Angelina, who gaining freſh courage, from the hope of a reſcue, cried, in a voice of agony—

"For mercy's ſake, help me!"

The road was too narrow for the chaiſe to paſs the other without the utmoſt caution. This allowed her time to be heard; and though her voice grew hoarſe, from emotion and affright, yet ſhe again ſhrieked out—

"For the love of Heaven, help me!"

Her prayer was heard: ſhe ſaw the gentleman from within the carriage, order his poſtillion to ſtop; ſhe ſaw him deſcend from the vehicle, and inſtantly felt herſelf diſengaged from the arms of Darnley, who, in a loud tone of defiance, ſaid—

"By what right, Sir, do you aſſume the privilege of judging of my actions?"

"*My* right is that of every human creature, who sees a fellow being in diftrefs. By virtue of that right, Sir, I afk you a plain queftion—where are you taking this young lady?"

"She is my wife, who has eloped from me."

"Good Heavens! what a falfehood!" cried the almoft frantic Angelina. "No, dear Sir, believe me, as I hope for mercy in my laft hours, he has no connection whatever with me!"

"I am inclined to believe you, Madam, and I will defend you with this arm from the attacks of a villain."

Darnley now beckoned to one of his drivers. They feemed too well to underftand his fignal. A brace of piftols was brought him from the carriage.

"What are you going to do?" cried Angelina, as fhe attempted to fnatch them from the man. Her attempt was however futile, her ftrength was exhaufted, her

refolution fubdued, and fhe funk fenfelefs to the earth.

Difregarding the menacing and fierce afpect of Darnley, the ftranger now ran to the affiftance of Angelina. He raifed her from the ground, and fupported her in his arms.

Maddening at this fight, and ftamping with fury, Darnley feized the piftols, and advancing to him, faid—

"Inftantly take one of thefe, and give me fatisfaction for this daring outrage!"

"Another time," anfwered the ftranger; "this moment—the prefence, the diforder of this lady, are ill fitted for fuch brutal fatisfaction."

"Coward! poltroon! Shame—fhame on fuch paltry fubterfuges!" faid Darnley. "Inftantly chufe your piftol, or for ever brand yourfelf a coward!"

"Human nature cannot fupport fuch infults," faid the ftranger, the crimfon mounting to his cheek. He relinquifhed his hold of

of Angelina; and gently laying her on the graſſy bank at the road-ſide, he took one of the piſtols, ſaying, with an undaunted voice, to his antagoniſt—

"This arm has oft been raiſed in the ſervice of my country and my King, nor has it ever failed me. Duelling I abhor. A private broil I have ever ſhunned; but here, convinced that my cauſe is the cauſe of humanity and virtue, I fearleſſly meet the oppreſſor. Though bear me witneſs," turning to the aſtoniſhed and thunderſtruck drivers, "that I did not provoke this combat."

"Why this delay?—Meaſure the diſtance! Give the word!" cried Darnley.

The word was given; the piſtol was lifted, when the arm of Darnley was arreſted by a female. She ſhrieked out—

"Oh ſtop, ſtop thy ſavage hand! Muſt murder alſo be added to the black catalogue of Darnley's crimes?"

The countenance of Darnley fell; his

lip quivered; he dropped the piſtol, and ſhuddering, ſaid, in a hollow voice—

"Jemima Maxwell!"

"Yes," cried ſhe, "that Jemima who has been ſo groſſly injured, even now has ſaved thee from the commiſſion of the blackeſt crime!—Go in peace," cried ſhe, waving her hand; "repent thy heinous ſins ere yet too late!—But ah, my God! what ſight is this?" now firſt eſpying the motionleſs Angelina.—"My friend, my protectreſs, my companion, my Angelina! Oh Darnley, is this too your doing? And could not virtue, could not worth like this, eſcape your diabolical machinations?"

Speechleſs, and awe-ſtruck, Darnley ſtood before her like a ſentenced criminal; while, not knowing what to underſtand from the ſcene before him, yet much intereſted in it, the ſtranger ſurveyed Jemima with the utmoſt curioſity; yet ſhe obſerved him not; her whole thoughts were now turned towards her motionleſs friend; and finding her own

ſtrength

ftrength unequal to fupport her, fhe faid—"Oh, for pity's fake, help, help!—will none of you help?"—The ftranger rufhed forwards. Mechanically as it were, Darnley ftepped forwards alfo, and pufhing him on one fide, he muttered—"Officious puppy!"

But the ftranger was in no wife inclined to yield his place to him; he firmly kept his pofition.

Darnley again caught up the piftol. Still the ftranger was undaunted;—a ftruggle enfued; the piftol went off, and a ball paffed through his right arm. He ftaggered, and fupported himfelf at the hedge-fide.

Frenzy now appeared to feize the terrified Jemima.

"Monfter!" cried fhe, "what, haft thou then completed thy work of blood? Haft thou murdered this generous ftranger?"

"No, not murdered me," faid he faintly. "The piftol went off accidentally. I believe my arm is fhattered. All further fatisfaction, Sir, muft be denied you at

 prefent.

prefent. My name is Lionel Sutton. I bear a Lieutenant's commiffion in his Majefty's Navy. My father is the Rector of this parifh."

"Good God!" faid Jemima, wringing her hands; "and are you indeed Lionel Sutton?—he whofe return has been waited for with fo much anxiety—for whom fuch fond preparations have been making?"

"Yes," fighed he, "and I am only fearful for the effect which my prefence in this fituation may have on my kind relatives. But there is no time to be loft, Madam; that lady's fituation demands inftant relief."

Darnley had during this explanation ftood biting his lip, and chewing the cud of vexation. He now threw his card of addrefs haftily towards Lionel, who was too much exhaufted by pain to pick it up—(Jemima, however, was more active; fhe fnatched it, and put it in her pocket);—and beckoning to his men, he jumped again into his chaife,

chaiſe, regardleſs of the ruin he had made, and was out of ſight in a moment; while the report of a piſtol having been heard at the poor woman's habitation, old Jervis came running up the lane, attended by two peaſants.

CHAP. XVII.

ANGELINA and Lionel were ſoon helped into the chaiſe, into which Jemima followed them. As had been agreed, it ſtopped at Mrs. Melroſs's, from whence a meſſenger was diſpatched, to acquaint the family at the Rectory with the return of Lionel; but that on account of an overturn, which he had

met with at the bottom of the hill, he had been taken to Mrs. Melrofs's, to have timely application to his arm, which had received a violent ftrain.

Inftantaneoufly, though privately, Jervis difpatched a peafant to ——— for a furgeon; bidding him take one of the Rector's horfes, and ride as faft as it would go.

Angelina continued motionlefs, till, with much difficulty, fhe was got up ftairs, and laid on a bed, when fhe exhibited faint figns of returning animation.

Lionel was reclined on a couch in the parlour below; and though the momentary expectation of feeing his deareft relatives gave a feverifh glow to his cheek, and quickened his pulfation, yet the agony he endured in his arm was almoft infupportable. Jervis had adminiftered a cordial to him, and had ftanched the wound; but fhe feared to do any thing more in a cafe which fhe did not comprehend, as fhe apprehended that the ball was lodged in his arm.

Jemima, the happy Jemima at length hailed

hailed the returning ſmiles and ſelf-poſſeſſion of Angelina—ſmiles like ſunſhine in an April morn, however; for, weak and enervated with the affright and ſhock ſhe had experienced, ſhe wept like an infant, as ſhe reviewed the dangers and the inſults ſhe had encountered. She was about to aſk a queſtion of Jemima; but that conſiderate friend would not ſuffer her to ſpeak: and telling her that ſhe had a viſitor below, to whom ſhe muſt attend, ſhe ran down into the parlour, to communicate to him the happy change in her friend.

Lionel's countenance lighted up with ſatisfaction as he heard this intelligence.

"I am indeed rejoiced at it," cried he. "I was very fearful of the conſequences; her frame appears ſo delicate."

The door at this moment opened, and —"Oh dear Lionel! where are you hurt?—How could it happen?—Oh my dear—deareſt brother!" was uttered by Maria Sutton as ſhe flung herſelf on his neck. But the conſiderate Jemima endeavoured

voured to disengage her from that situation, by bidding her recollect her brother's sprained arm. Maria heard nothing: she broke out into strong hysterics, and was not calmed when Mr. and Mrs. Sutton and Mrs. Melross entered.

The joy and the fears of his parents, though not so loudly expressed, yet still conveyed a full idea to Lionel of their anxiety and love; and languidly smiling, he told them that he ought to bless an accident, which had shewn him how warm a place he held in the hearts of his family. But his momentary colour faded, and his lip quivered; and he severely felt that mortal creatures must be susceptible to the pains of the body, even while the soul is lifted up to perfect happiness. How convincing then must this be to the most sceptical mind of their entire disunion hereafter!

Mrs. Melross wondered at not beholding her Angelina in the circle of assembled friends: and making her enquiring eye, Jemima anticipated her question, by telling

her

her that Miſs Melroſs having accidentally witneſſed the overturn of the carriage, as ſhe was returning from her viſit to the poor woman, had been ſo much indiſpoſed, that ſhe had prevailed on her to lay down.

"My Angelina's feelings did not overcome exertion heretofore," thought Mrs. Melroſs; "but perhaps her hurried walk to the cottage had fatigued her, and rendered her incapable of conducting herſelf with her accuſtomed fortitude."

When the ſurgeon arrived, Lionel, in a whiſper, deſired his father that the ladies might be prevailed on to quit the room during the examination of his arm, which they conſented to, though, on the part of the mother and ſiſter, very unwillingly. But Mr. Sutton requeſted it, and they were not uſed to oppoſe any deſire of his.

Lionel then gave a ſuccinct account of his real accident, and the cauſe of it; and though greatly ſurpriſed at ſuch a daring plan of outrage having been meditated near the quiet village of Riverſdale, ſurpriſe

gave way to parental anxiety when he beheld the wound of his ſon uncloſed; but the ſurgeon was a clever ſenſible man, on whoſe judgment he could rely: and he aſſured him that there was little to fear, and every thing to hope; that the ball was certainly lodged in the arm, which he thought he could extract immediately, it being in a fleſhy part, and not much ſwollen. He adviſed quiet after the operation; and wiſhed him on no account to be moved, if it was poſſible for Mrs. Melroſs to accommodate him.

Mrs. Jervis was ſummoned. She knew that it was always poſſible for her miſtreſs to accommodate a ſuffering child of humanity; and Lionel was ſoon conveyed to bed.

The ball being extracted, by degrees the family were made acquainted with the real ſtate of the caſe, all but Angelina, who was fallen into a tranquil ſlumber; and though the whole party longed for the time of her awakening, that they might get ſome explanation

explanation of the cauſe which led to the accident, yet they were all equally anxious that her repoſe ſhould be ſuffered to continue. Maria Sutton ran to Mrs. Melroſs, and ſobbing on her neck, cried—

"I ought, I almoſt *do* rejoice in my dear Lionel's accident, now I know that it happened in ſerving your child, my lovely Miſs Melroſs. Oh, how happy we ſhall all be when my brother is recovered! This wound of his will be the cement of our friendſhip, of our love."

Leaving Maria by turns thus apoſtrophizing to Mrs. Melroſs, and then ſtealing on tiptoe, to place herſelf at Lionel's bedſide, we will return to Angelina, who, on awaking from a refreſhing ſleep, recalled to her tranquillized mind the events of the morning. An explanation would be required—an explanation would be looked for from her; mental reſervations at this time would, ſhe thought, be of no avail, and might hereafter be productive of worſe effects than thoſe from which ſhe had providentially eſcaped. She had

had ſome faint idea that her defender was in the houſe; but ſhe had not the moſt remote conception of his being the ſon of the good Rector. As her mother approached her, Angelina called up all her ſelf-command; and leaving that tender parent to conjecture the reaſons of that ſecrecy which ſhe had hitherto obſerved, and mentally praying for reſolution to go through the extraordinary relation, without betraying the intereſt which Horace Fairfax ſtill held in her heart, ſhe without reſerve delivered her "unvarniſhed tale." When ſhe mentioned her meeting Fairfax at Exmouth, ſomething roſe at her throat, and ſhe ſeemed gaſping for breath; but holding her hand for a moment before her eyes, ſhe proceeded to the end, without manifeſting any further emotion.

"My beſt, my virtuous child, my perſecuted girl," cried Mrs. Melroſs, folding her to her breaſt, "what do I ſee in all you have told me, but the height of filial love? You concealed from me every thing which you thought could give me pain, and you

let

let the ſtab recoil with double force on your own heart! Dear, deareſt Angelina, would that I were worthy of thee! The conduct of that wretch, Darnley, can eaſily be accounted for:—at firſt he wanted only to put on the *appearance* of vice; but your modeſt charms, your artleſs worth, at length rendered you a ſerious object of his vicious purſuits: and had he not been providentially fruſtrated in his deſigns, he would have *been* what hitherto he had only *appeared* to you. But courage, my virtuous child!" ſaid Mrs. Melroſs, her cheek glowing; "not always ſhall the wicked proſper even in this world; ſomething tells me that you will yet be happy, that all the falſe reports and machinations of that villain will be expoſed as they deſerve, and that your reward will equal your deſerts."

A faint ſigh iſſued from the boſom of Angelina.

"Yes, my love," ſaid the attentive mother, "even that ſigh ſhall ceaſe, even—"

She

She ftopped; fhe was fearful of touching on a ftring which was ftill untuned: and though fhe was now fully convinced that Angelina's partiality had known no diminution; yet the prejudices of Mr. Fairfax might be ftill infurmountable, and then—dreadful idea!—*fhe* fhould be the caufe of her child's mifery.

So much was Angelina's heart eafed by her communication, that fhe felt quite reftored to her former ftrength and animation; fhe tried to divert her mother's thoughts, and afked a great many queftions about the gentleman who had fo opportunely appeared to her relief.

"*I* am conftrained to filence in this particular," faid Mrs. Melrofs, "but here comes one who will tell you every thing you wifh to know."—She then made way for Maria Sutton, who became the delighted reciter, and who, while converfing of her brother Lionel to Mifs Melrofs, while recounting his providential delivery of her friend from the bafe attacks of a villain, almoft ceafed to regret the pain which that brother

brother was at prefent fuffering.—Tears of gratitude rolled down the cheeks of Angelina; and her language was underftood by Maria, as fhe emphatically preffed her hand; while the pale countenance of Jemima, who had been hitherto a filent fpectator of this fcene, feemed to flafh with fudden and uncontroulable emotion, as, clafping her hands together, fhe cried—

"No, vice cannot, fhall not always profper! The barbarian Darnley was not fuffered to murder the peace of the virtuous, in bereaving them of their only fupport, their only ftay, juft as their arms were opening to embrace him—juft as their hearts had anticipated his approach! Lionel Sutton's life was the care of Providence!"

"It was, my dear Mifs Maxwell," faid Maria, eagerly feizing her hands, and preffing them enthufiaftically to her lips.

Not to weary our readers with the minute detail of every day's report, and every day's amendment, we will briefly fay that, under the eye of his medical attendant, and his affiduous nurfes, Lionel Sutton was foon able

to

to join the party at the Rectory; and while he delivered his thanks to Mrs. Melrofs for her hofpitable care and attention, if he was heard to breathe a gentle figh, we *cannot wonder*, confidering the "dangers he had paffed."

CHAP. XVIII.

LINKED by the ftrong cement of friendfhip, the family at the Rectory and the Cottage were feldom apart. In Lionel Sutton, Angelina faw a being who had afforded her his affiftance when unknown, even at the hazard of his own life. The injury he had received on her account, added to the foregoing circumftance, heightened the intereft which fhe felt for him; and his recent fituation in her family had infenfibly removed the

the barrier of reſtraint which might otherwiſe have been placed between them: and ſhe converſed with him with all that confidence and freedom, with which ſhe would have addreſſed a newly found brother.

Grateful to the heart of Lionel was ſuch confidence; for the firſt moment he had ſeen Angelina, even in the diſtreſs and agony which ſhe had then exhibited, he had been ſtruck with her perſon, and intereſted by her manner: but now when he had reſided under the ſame roof—when each day and each hour had ſhewn him a grace, a charm, a virtue unperceived before, his heart had willingly ſurrendered itſelf her victim. But he ſaw the delicacy of her nature; and while, by a thouſand ways, he manifeſted that ſhe was his ſole object, he never breathed a hint of his paſſion.

The unſuſpicious and artleſs Angelina had no idea of it. Even Mrs. Melroſs was a ſtranger to the conqueſt of her daughter, and delighted to ſee the roſes reſume their influence on her cheek, and to witneſs the

amendment

amendment which Jemima thankfully acknowledged to have received from the pure air of Riversdale, and the kind assiduities of her friends; she felt herself more happy than she had been for years.

Thus did a month glide by in calm content, and the young sailor began sometimes to wish that he had declared his passion to his heart's idol; when returning one evening from her walk, attended by Maria and Lionel Sutton, as she approached the cottage, Angelina saw a chaise standing at the gate. Her companions at this sight were about to depart; but almost overcome by apprehension, with a beseeching look, she caught the arm of Maria. This was enough: Lionel was instantly on the other side; but at the cottage-door our delighted heroine was pressed in the arms of Miss Latimer. Her two attendants easily perceived that this was a greeting by no means unpleasant, and they took their leave; while the joy and surprise of Angelina at seeing her respected

Miss

Miſs Latimer, prevented her enquiring the cauſe of her ſudden appearance.

"My mother!" ſaid Angelina, recovering herſelf; "now let me introduce you to my parent."

"Oh, I have done that for myſelf," ſaid the lively Latimer, "and left her *tête-à-tête* with a friend, to whom I ſhall preſently perform the ſame ceremony with you. How I found you out, why I am here, and a thouſand pretty little *et cæteras*, you ſhall know in good time. But, firſt, pray tell me who is that intereſting young woman ſitting with your mother?"

"It is Miſs Maxwell. Do you not remember my telling you of her ſituation at Lady Meynill's?"

"I do, I do. You are a generous girl ſtill, I ſee. Come, now let us go to your mother. No, another queſtion firſt: who was that handſome young man on whoſe arm you were leaning, when I ſo ſuddenly ſeized on you?"

"It was Mr. Lionel Sutton, the ſon of the

Rector of this parish," answered Angelina, blushing as she observed the fixed gaze with which Miss Latimer studied her countenance.

"What, the village Strephon who has won your heart?"

"No, no, indeed, no," said Angelina hastily.

"Well, well, child, no asseverations—only a simple question; perhaps you think it an impertinent one: but I *may* have my reasons. "*Allons*, lead the way."

Angelina opened the door of the parlour; and Miss Latimer, taking her hand, led her into the room.

"I have got her," said she, addressing Mrs. Melross, "the same good girl who first won my heart, I will vouch for her.—"Here, Sir," cried she, addressing an elderly gentleman who had been her companion to Riversdale, "take the hand of this young lady; and if you press it according to my estimation of her deserts, you will never let it go."

"Your

"Your recommendation muſt always be of great weight with me; but the countenance here exhibited bears ſuch teſtimony, to your words, that——" He ſtopped. "Can I wonder at any thing, when I behold it?"

The laſt queſtion was put in a lower key. Angelina did not underſtand it, but Miſs Latimer did: for, with an approving nod, ſhe replied—"I think not."

She then paid her compliments to Miſs Maxwell; and, in a very ſhort time, the party entered into a lively, unreſerved converſation.

Though the ſtranger took great part in it, yet at times he appeared uneaſy and abſtracted. Once or twice he ſeemed to wiſh to converſe aſide with Miſs Latimer; but ſhe ſilenced him, and immediately rallied him into a briſk and general converſation. She deſired Angelina, if it were poſſible, to accommodate them with two beds; for that ſhe had predetermined not to quit them that night:

night: and, on being aſſured that it could be done with little inconvenience, ſhe ſeemed very well pleaſed.

The ſtranger appeared about fifty years of age. His countenance was open and manly; and though bronzed with an unſparing hand, yet the fire of his eyes ſtill illumined it with a dazzling animation. His form was tall and graceful; and the dreſs and garb of a Clergyman, with manners, ſo dignified, ſo intereſting, ſo poliſhed as his, could not fail to conciliate reverence and eſteem. Yet his name was ſtill unannounced; and though Mrs. Melroſs had frequently ſtopped, when addreſſing him, as if to ſolicit it from Miſs Latimer, that lady had ſtill left her in the dark: and though acute enough in other matters, had here evinced a dulneſs and abſence almoſt unparalleled.

The bringing a ſtranger with her to the cottage—her inviting him to ſleep there, ſeemed at once myſterious and incomprehenſible. Yet as theſe ideas croſſed her mind,

mind, and by a natural aſſociation, Angelina's eyes turned to the ſubject of them, the nameleſs attractions there diſplayed, put them inſtantaneouſly to flight.

Supper being over, and the ſervant withdrawn, an interchange of looks paſſed between the gueſts, and Miſs Latimer ſpoke.

"Dear Madam," taking the hand of Mrs. Melroſs, and looking tenderly in her face, "I have a long ſtory to relate to you. This gentleman, knowing the charter of my ſex, and that I, of all womankind, am the leaſt likely to forego one tittle of my privileges, has deſired me to take on myſelf the office of narrator. But—but—I am unequal to the taſk; for with all my flippancy, I have feeling, and my eyes often overflow when they would be the beacons of good tidings, which is the caſe at preſent."

She paſſed her hand acroſs her eyes, pauſed an inſtant, and proceeded.

"Mrs. Melroſs, you have borne misfortune, perſecution, and detraction; you

have borne the exultation of that pride which it is your turn to humble. But you cannot exult over a fallen foe! I have inſpected your conduct,—I have dived into your ſtory. Oh, let not proſperity overwhelm you, when adverſity could not!"

"What do you mean?" aſked Mrs. Melroſs, gaſping with eagerneſs.

"I mean that you are the widow of the unfortunate Frederic Fitzallan!"

"I am his widow indeed—his humbled widow," ſighed out Mrs. Melroſs, "and never ſhall I know another lord; but I do not hold that title in the world."

"But you ſhall," ſaid Miſs Latimer. "Your character ſhall be reſtored—your enemies expoſed; your daughter ſhall be acknowledged for the lineal, the ſole heireſs of Fitzallan Caſtle, and its ſurrounding domains!"

"Take care what you tell me," cried Mrs. Melroſs. "Oh do not, I conjure you, do not deceive me!"

"Deceive

"Deceive you! Never!" ſaid Miſs Latimer. "Here is an undeniable, a living proof—here is the Reverend Mr. Fairfax!"

Angelina ſtarted. She looked earneſtly at the ſtranger. Conviction flaſhed in her eyes; ſhe ſaw the father of Horace Fairfax.

"Speak; go on, I entreat you, for the love of Heaven!" cried Mrs. Melroſs.

"I will go on here, Madam," ſaid Mr. Fairfax, riſing from his ſeat, and taking her hand reſpectfully.—"Look in my face. Does it bring no traces to your recollection, of him who united this hand to that of Frederic Fitzallan? In your countenance I can ſtill behold the intereſting lineaments which ſo decidedly marked the features of Angelina Melroſs. And here," added he, turning to her daughter, "I behold every opening charm and roſeate hue which time has mellowed in the parent."

Mrs. Fitzallan (for ſo we may now call her) ſcarcely noticed this addreſs: ſhe

ſeemed deeply meditating on ſome ſolemn yet pleaſing ſubject. Angelina had ſunk before her mother, and was hiding her tears in her lap, when Mrs. Fitzallan, claſping the hands of Mr. Fairfax, and preſſing them to her lips, cried out, in a voice of delight—

"Oh preſerver of my Frederic's fame and honour! next to my God, I thank thee! Oh! I knew that Frederic Fitzallan was no deceiver—he could not be a practiſed villain! My heart has often pleaded for him, even while I have checked its emotions—even while I have thought it right to adopt another mode of behaviour. Oh my child! thou yet mayſt acknowledge thy father without a bluſh."

Then, as if horrid recollections ſmote acroſs her mind, ſhe added—

"Clifford, Clifford! vile, ſanguinary Clifford! my Frederic had ſtill been living but for thee!—Viper! murderer! what can atone thy crimes?"

"Have patience, Madam; be calm, I entreat you," cried Mr. Fairfax. "This

lady

lady and myſelf are not come to tear open the wounds which rankled at your breaſt; we do not point your thoughts to that mazy and perturbed train of retroſpection, which can do you no good: but we bid you hail, with anticipating pleaſure, the days of peace and tranquillity which are yet in ſtore for you; we bid you recollect the ſituation in which your daughter, the child of Mr. Fitz-allan will be placed; and we bleſs ourſelves, as the humble inſtruments which a good Providence has graciouſly condeſcended to make choice of, in order to forward his purpoſes.—Look, Madam, at your daughter," ſeeing that his words began to have the deſired effect, in melting the ſoul of Mrs. Fitzallan, "is ſhe not the fit repreſentative of that houſe which ſhe is henceforward to ſupport? Her perſon has hitherto been a ſtranger to me; but her character, her virtues I am fully acquainted with: and if the correcteſt deſcription could have conveyed to me the perfect ſemblance of a form which

which I had never ſeen, that alſo ſhould I have known."

Angelina lifted her eyes for a moment towards the countenance of Mr. Fairfax; but a variety of concurring ſenſations forbade their reſting there. She turned them on Miſs Latimer; but the arch raillery which diſplayed itſelf on the contour of that lady's viſage made them wander again, and ſhe once more turned to her mother; whoſe calm look, and compoſed manner, formed a ſource of contemplation, from which they could not eaſily be diverted.

After a great deal of explanatory converſation—after receiving the congratulations of her gueſts (and thoſe of Miſs Maxwell were not the leaſt warm, or the leaſt ſincere), Miſs Latimer once more took up the thread of her disjointed diſcourſe.

But as we prefer giving our readers an uninterrupted narration, to the interlarding it with uſeleſs expletives and interjections, we ſhall give the ſum and ſubſtance of the events

events which led to this fortunate meeting, and to that *overflowing happiness*, which prevented both our heroine and her mother from closing their eyes all night.

CHAP. XIX.

AT the period when our heroine so suddenly left Bath with Miss Fitzallan, Miss Latimer was travelling from place to place with her emigrant friend, in hopes, by change of scene, to heal the wounded mind of poor Lauretta; but the loss of her father seemed to have fixed the immutable dart of melancholy in her heart, and not all the attention or the cares of Miss Latimer had power to gain a moment's tranquillity for the sufferer. Grate-

ful for her friend's attention, and conscious that her behaviour would to any other have worn the appearance of ingratitude, Lauretta in vain desired her heroic companion to leave her to her fate.

"Why—why, amiable Latimer," would she say, with all the impassioned energy of her country, "why wear out the bloom of your life in making sorrow your companion, and distress your inmate—in pressing to your bosom the enemy to your peace? Alas! I am the type of my unfortunate, my ungrateful nation—you of your happier country. Generously your country, your favoured isle, your land of real liberty opened its arms, and sheltered all our wandering outcasts; and what was its return? —Oh horror! horror!—shame on civilized, on human beings!—they flung their benefactor; they planted their insidious poison and their fatal tenets in the heart of that land which supported them, and tried to subvert its laws, its liberty, its religion! Ah, dearest Latimer! both public and pri-

vate

vate griefs unnerve my soul! Leave me, leave me, I conjure you, nor darken your own fate by the contemplation of my misery!"

That Miss Latimer's friendship was proof against this touchstone, our readers need not be told. She continued cheerfully to wander about with the unfortunate Lauretta; and if her purse did not get more weighty by her having found out the secret of *perpetual motion*, yet her health was mended, and her rest was unbroken.

Miss Latimer was aware that, in losing her father, Lauretta had lost every thing which could give life an interest; and in her peculiar situation alone, and isolated in the world, she must necessarily droop, without the supporting succour of some friendly hand. In Lauretta's grief, however, there was so much of despair mixed with melancholy, and so much of misanthropy with her complaints, that Miss Latimer could scarcely reconcile these appearances with the otherwise perfect amability of her character,

except as believing theſe traits to proceed from a different ſource than that of her recent loſs. The more Miſs Latimer reflected on this ſubject, the more thoroughly ſhe became of this opinion; but ſhe wiſely forbore to aſk a diſcloſure of thoſe ſecret ſorrows, which their ſtrict friendſhip had not authorized Lauretta to reveal.

Sufferings like thoſe which had ſhorten-ed the life of the Marquis del Fleura, muſt, to every thinking mind, have made their cloſe a ſubject of pious thankfulneſs. There were no hopes of his amendment; his blind-neſs, which had deprived him of every thing ſave a daughter's love, had from the firſt been pronounced incurable; and if Lauretta mourned ſo inceſſantly for the loſs of her parent, ſelfiſhneſs muſt neceſſarily bear a part in her ſorrow. But Lauretta Del Fleura had not a ſpark of ſelfiſhneſs in her compoſition.

The two friends had made the tour of almoſt all the different bathing-places on the coaſts of Dorſet and Devon, and were arrived

arrived at Exeter, in their way to Exmouth, the laſt which they meant to viſit; when, as they were alighting from a chaiſe in the inn-yard, a very ſplendid phaeton and four, with emblazoned arms and gorgeous trappings, attended by two ſervants in expenſive liveries, drove out of it. Miſs Latimer did not notice the gentleman who held the reins, ſo engaged was ſhe in contemplating his equipage. Not ſo Lauretta:—ſhe gazed as though her eyes would burſt their ſockets; and as the carriage glided by, and as the waiter ſtood at the door for her to deſcend from the chaiſe, a faint ſigh iſſued from her boſom; and, turning round, Miſs Latimer beheld her friend in a ſwoon. Much alarmed, ſhe had her conveyed into the inn, and placed on a bed; ſeveral hours elapſed ere life reanimated her frame, though Miſs Latimer had inſtantly ſummoned the beſt medical attendance. Reaſon and recollection were at length reſtored; but the whole faculties of Lauretta were unnerved, and her ſtrength entirely ſubdued. The firſt queſ-

tion ſhe put to her aſſiduous nurſe, was concerning the phaeton which had ſo haſtily paſſed them; and, with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, Miſs Latimer found the ſight of it had been the cauſe of Lauretta's diſorder. In compliance with her friend's earneſt entreaties, ſhe enquired to whom it belonged, and ſoon heard, from the maſter of the inn, the whole hiſtory, as it was received current in the world, of Mr. Clifford Fitzallan—of his murder (for here the term was not qualified) of Mr. Frederick Fitzallan—of his diſappearance from the kingdom—of his return juſt at the period when the haughty Catherine had become her own miſtreſs—and of their ſubſequent marriage. The ſtory of Mrs. Melroſs formed an epiſode to this account; and though ſhe was looked on as the miſtreſs of Mr. Fitzallan, yet in the language of the honeſt hoſt—"Mrs. Clifford ſhould not have made *fiſh* of one, and *fleſh* of the other; and if ſhe married her brother's murderer, ſhe ſhould not have turned his miſtreſs out of doors as

it

it were, who could have done nobody any harm but herself; and that so long ago, that the old score must have been wiped out."

"This is a most extraordinary account," said Miss Latimer, who stood pondering before her host, and who at that moment was thinking as much of her *ci-devant* favourite, Clara Lawson, as of her invalid friend above stairs.

"But 'tis true as the Gospel, Madam," said he; "for I am myself one of that country, and I know all about it; and you may be sure I was fain to have a bit of chat with one of the grooms, though he did not like to say much neither, for mum's the word with this new-made Squire, it seems; yet I gathered enow to know that Madam had better have remained single."

Making a movement of her head, as if to thank her intelligencer, Miss Latimer walked slowly up stairs, revolving in her mind the probable connection which this story might have with that of Lauretta.

During

During his exile, Clifford might have visited Paris, and have gained access to the Marquis del Fleura's Hotel, and by that means have obtained an interest in the heart of his daughter. To probe the wound at once, was the province of a true friend, though a most distressing one; and therefore, on re-entering the chamber of Lauretta, she recounted the whole story which she had heard, not palliating those crimes which it was her duty to disclose, in order to work a cure on her sick mind. The horror-struck Lauretta seemed to steel her nerves with supernatural strength, in order to hear out the tale. When Miss Latimer had finished, she fixed her eyes on her face, and groaning with agony, said—

"This wretch, this monster is my husband!—Oh Almighty Providence! after this detail, do I live to tell you so?"

Miss Latimer was speechless. Had she indeed heard true? Had she been giving Lauretta the black catalogue of a husband's crimes? She looked down—she dared not lift her

eyes

eyes towards her friend; but the moment of torture was paſt.

"I ſhall be better now, my good Miſs Latimer," ſaid Lauretta, "the doubt, the hope which ſometimes, ſpite of myſelf, ſpite of my own conviction, hung on my mind, aſſailed my heart—my weak womaniſh heart, is now done away—doubt is changed to certainty.——I confided my love, my truth to the keeping of the blackeſt traitor, the worſt of monſters.—Oh God! I thank thee that the Marquis del Fleura lives not!—His blood would have fired at the ſight of the deſtroyer of his child; and even had he ſeen him not—had the viſitation of the Almighty deprived him of his precious ſight—ſtill, for I knew him, he would have ventured his life, to revenge his Lauretta!—Oh God! I thank thee for the death of a father!"

Several hours elapſed ere Lauretta could give the hiſtory of her acquaintance and connection with Clifford. In purſuance of our former plan, we ſhall generalize it; and merely detail what it behoves our readers to be made acquainted with.

 CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

THE first eight years after Clifford's leaving England, he had ſpent on the Continent; and by various exceſſes and miſdemeanours, had contrived to get the Engliſh name into diſrepute, wherever he ſtaid long enough to make himſelf known.

Gaming was his chief paſſion—we might almoſt term it his occupation. In one of thoſe moments when Fortune had filled his pockets, by emptying thoſe of a thoughtleſs, but, in ſome reſpects, amiable countryman, who had been fooliſh enough to put his youth

youth and inexperience againſt the craft of manhood, and the wiles of a practiſed game-ſter, Clifford reſolved, with his new-fledged honours, to enter Paris in ſtyle, and by ſome grand manœuvre, to fix his fortune at once. His defeated opponent had flown from Germany into the remoteſt Canton of Switzerland, determined, by the utmoſt frugality, and the cloſeſt retirement, to retrieve his embarraſſed affairs, ere he ventured again to reviſit his native country, or re-enter ſociety. The idea of meeting *him* at Paris, or of the affair being known there, was out of the queſtion:—Clifford determined to begin his career in the gay city, with that ſpecious ſemblance of honour and virtue, which he ſo well knew how to aſſume.

An Engliſhman of genteel appearance and faſhionable manners, ſoon got an introduction to the Marquis del Fleura; and ſeeing the Marquis's ſplendid eſtabliſhment, and beholding, with no indifferent eye, the beauty of Lauretta, then only ſixteen, his

arts

arts deferted him not till he had received her hand with the fanction of her father, and found himfelf the favoured inmate of the Hotel del Fleura.

Enthufiaftically fond of the Englifh, Clifford's ftory, which was calculated to warm a lefs fufceptible breaft than that of the unfufpicious Del Fleura, found implicit belief; he gave part of his hiftory as it was, but the greateft part as it was not.

"He was the only fon of an honourable family, and had contracted a warm friendfhip for a college friend, who foon fell into the moft vicious exceffes, and who refufed to liften to his warning admonitions, till at length he had been on the eve of uniting himfelf, by the moft facred ties, to the moft fhamelefs wanton who ever reared her head in a profligate age. Urged beyond all endurance at hearing this madnefs, he had flown to his friend, to expoftulate with him on the weaknefs and folly of his conduct; but frenzied by fury, and unable to bear the found difcuffion of reafon and principle,

principle, Mr. Fitzallan had haſtily put a piſtol into his hand, and had at the ſame inſtant fired another himſelf, which miſſed him; but in this luckleſs moment of hurry and emotion, he had dropped his piſtol—it had gone off—his miſguided friend fell: and though his conſcience acquitted him, yet he had voluntarily exiled himſelf from his beloved country from that moment, dragging on a miſerable and painful exiſtence, and hourly weeping over the untimely fate of his lamented friend."

Such a ſtory intereſted every fibre of the Marquis's heart, and drew many a ſigh from that of the lovely Lauretta. Not doubting the honour of Clifford, Del Fleura's chivalric ſoul ſpurned at the littleneſs of minute enquiry. He by accident had heard, from another quarter, that a young man of the name of Fitzallan had been killed in a duel; and, blinded by the ſpecious ſeeming of Clifford, he had willingly given him his daughter.

For

For some time happiness gilded the Marquis's roof; but the commotions in France began, and the fate of his Monarch, his nation, its ancient laws, even its hereditary prejudices, kept the soul of Del Fleura in a perpetual fever. Clifford could, undismayed, have looked on, and "behold the wreck of empires, and the crush of states;" but it was his part to alarm the Marquis with the most tormenting fears, in order to secure those good things to himself, for which only he lived.

Alarmed at the tide of popular fury, the Marquis ceded to the advice of his son-in-law; he sold his estates, he collected all his valuables; and, converting them into specie, deposited it instantly in the hands of Clifford, who promised immediately to consign it to the English funds. Alas! the next morning opened the eyes of this unhappy father and daughter—Clifford had absconded! Yet the eyes of love had still a slight film remaining; and to go to England, in order, as she would persuade herself,

to follow her husband, was the ardent wish of Lauretta. After vainly waiting his re-appearance in Paris for many long, long months, Lauretta's wishes were complied with; and after enduring hardships, dangers, and difficulties, they at length reached London.

Meanwhile, on Italian shores, and midst Italian luxuries, Clifford lavished that wealth which he had so basely acquired; and returned to his native country at the proper period for enclosing another victim in his toils, around whom he had been throwing a web from the hour when he had attained perception.

Some days elapsed ere Lauretta could leave Exeter; and during that time, the warm-hearted Miss Latimer suffered a great deal of solicitude with regard to the situation of Clara Lawson, whose conversation and manners had so irresistibly interested her when she had met her at Bath. She intended to pursue her former plan, and go to Exmouth; as she had heard, through

the communicative innkeeper, that Mrs. and Miſs Melroſs (as he called them) had taken up their reſidence at that place. Yet how to proceed on her arrival there, ſhe knew not; for, though diveſted of all illiberal prejudices, and not one of thoſe outrageouſly virtuous females, who expect contamination from holding a few minutes' converſe with a frail ſiſter, Miſs Latimer felt unwilling to voluntarily ſeek an acquaintance with a woman of Mrs. Melroſs's character. She knew that, in the eye of the world, ſhe ſhould commit an imprudence; and ſhe felt that an independent young woman, while under the controul of none, falls under the laſh of all. Beſides how could ſhe approach a woman, who had voluntarily deviated from the paths of virtue, and who, inſtead of repentance, had impoſed herſelf on the world for another character?—She ſighed as ſhe aſked herſelf theſe queſtions, and as ſhe fearfully acknowledged that it would be almoſt a miracle if even her favourite Clara could exculpate herſelf from the latter charge;

charge: so, after revolving for a long time, Miss Latimer's meditations ended as those of her sex frequently do—in nothing; and she accompanied the delicate Lauretta to Exmouth, determined to act only as circumstances should direct.

But when arrived there, common report soon informed her that Mrs. Melross and her daughter had quitted the place suddenly, nearly three months before; and that a gallant Colonel disappearing at the same period, whose fame had long been acknowledged in the field of Venus as well as that of Mars, and whose attentions towards the younger lady had been conspicuous enough, there could exist but one opinion concerning their absence.—Miss Latimer shuddered:—she hated Darnley, and knew his character; but if any doubts still hung on her mind, she kept them to herself, as she had no means of solving them.

Meanwhile, the mild air of Exmouth was of great service to Lauretta, and by degrees she grew more calm and tranquil. Convinced that her appearance to her husband could

only

only be productive of fresh misery, and perhaps aggravated barbarity also, she determined never again to appear before him, or if possible hear of him more; and she endeavoured, by cheerfulness, and submission to her fate, to shew her generous friend that her benevolent exertions were not wholly thrown away.

CHAP. XXI.

MISS Latimer was strolling alone one evening, when two gentlemen passed her; and, stopping her, she was suddenly accosted by Horace Fairfax, who appeared delighted at the meeting, and instantly introduced her to his father (the other gentleman), and they both

both walked at her ſide. After congratulating Mr. Fairfax on his return to England, and ſome general queſtions, Miſs Latimer turned the converſation to the gay parties in which both herſelf and Horace had been engaged during the winter at Bath; but the diſtrait and abrupt manner in which he anſwered her, ſo different from his former eaſe and freedom, ſurpriſed her; and haſtily turning towards him, ſhe obſerved that his countenance was much changed, and that it wore viſible marks of recent indiſpoſition. An indefinable combination of ideas floated through her mind; and hardly knowing that ſhe pronounced the name, ſhe articulated—

"Clara Lawſon."

"What of her?" ſaid the no longer inanimate Horace, haſtily ſeizing her hand. "Has the villain left——I mean is ſhe ſtill with Darnley?"

"I do not know that ſhe was ever with him," anſwered Miſs Latimer drily, and almoſt pleaſed at the emotion ſhe had created,

as ſhe perceived that the image of Clara was ſtill cheriſhed in his heart.

"What do you mean, Madam?" aſked he with earneſtneſs.

"I mean, Sir, that I never did, nor ever will give implicit credit to every malicious ſtory that I hear."

"Generous Miſs Latimer!" ſaid Fairfax; "but," added he in a faltering voice, "I fear—I greatly fear that in this caſe there can—there is——"

"Horace," ſaid Mr. Fairfax, "you have been out too long.—My ſon, Madam, is but juſt recovering from a very alarming illneſs, which I feared would have torn him from me, juſt as I had learned to prize him as I ought.—You will excuſe our abrupt departure now, and ſhew us that you do ſo, by letting us viſit you at your lodgings."

Miſs Latimer made the proper reply. The gentlemen took their leave, and ſhe returned home; but was ſcarcely ſeated with Lauretta, when ſhe was ſent for to a gentleman, who

wiſhed

wiſhed to ſpeak with her alone; and Mr. Fairfax addreſſed her.

"My haſty, my impatient Horace," ſaid he, "aware of the dangers of procraſtination, aware of your diſcernment, and thinking your words 'meant more than met the ear,' has ſent me to entreat from you every particular which has fallen under your knowledge relative to Miſs Lawſon. My ſon never before communicated to me the minute particulars of his grief. I underſtood merely that he had diſcovered the lady of his choice to be the daughter of an unworthy mother; and I knew alſo that he believed the mother to have connived at her daughter's degradation: but I knew not that their ſtory had been noiſed abroad, and in a peculiar manner publiſhed to the world. —Will you kindly communicate all you may know?—for I will ingenuouſly confeſs to you, that Horace's late illneſs has been cauſed by the defection of this fair one, whom he had induſtriouſly dreſſed out (as what lover does not?) in more than mortal trappings. His

mind is ſuſceptible of very ſtrong impreſſions; his health, his ſpirits ſunk under the wreck of his beſt hopes; and ſo enervated, ſo deſpondent has he continued, even ſince his convaleſcence, that I have dreaded to tear open his wounds, by recurring to the ſubject of them in the remoteſt way, and till this evening I have invariably avoided it."

"How unfortunate, how thoughtleſs I have been!" ſaid Miſs Latimer. "Ah! how happy would it make me to realize the fondeſt expectations of your ſon!—for believe me, Sir, that more than my friendſhip—my warmeſt affections were conciliated by Angelina Melroſs."

"Angelina Melroſs!" repeated Mr. Fairfax, in a ſurpriſed tone; "that name—Angelina Melroſs!——Oh, I recollect!—I know now," added he, paſſing his hand acroſs his forehead, "I remember now——But, Madam," again addreſſing Miſs Latimer, "you muſt be in a miſtake:—Clara Lawſon, it

feems, is the name of the young lady whom we are talking of."

"It was the name, the affumed name, Sir," faid Mifs Latimer; "but being an illegitimate daughter of the late Mr. Fitzallen, and her mother's name ——"

"Speak, fay—what was her mother's name?" afked Mr. Fairfax haftily.

"Angelina Melrofs," anfwered Mifs Latimer. "The daughter is of courfe called after the mother."

"Surely you miftake, Madam," faid Mr. Fairfax; "fhe cannot be an illegitimate child, if Angelina Melrofs be her mother."

"I fear fhe is, Sir."

"Impoffible!—How wonderfully, how myfterioufly does Providence evidence his ways to us feeble-fighted mortals?—Mifs Latimer, you fee before you him who, about eighteen years fince, confented to the almoft frantic entreaties of Frederic Fitzallan, and united his hand to that of Angelina Melrofs. My long refidence in the Weft Indies prevented my ever hearing more on

this ſubject, except the death of Mr. Fitzallan, which but a very few years ſince was accidentally mentioned in my hearing. I then enquired concerning the widow, but was told he had left none, neither children; and that his ſiſter, Miſs Fitzallan, became the heireſs of a large property. I conſequently imagined that Mrs. Fitzallan had died before him."

"Oh Heavens!" cried Miſs Latimer, "you have delighted me. I care little for the vile fabrications about Darnley;—they muſt be falſe! All ſhall be ſolved—all will be ſolved to the ſatisfaction of us all!"

She then, as coherently as her eagerneſs would permit, gave a minute detail of all that ſhe had heard of Mrs. Melroſs and the Fitzallans, and of all that ſhe had known of Angelina; whoſe cauſe ſhe did not fail to plead, conſcious that her character would be reſtored, untarniſhed, to the eye of the world, and that ſhe was talking to the future father of her friend.

Mr. Fairfax heard her with much intereſt, and eagerly accorded to her propoſition; and promiſed to accompany her on a viſit to the two ladies, ſhould they be able to diſcover their retreat.

He then returned home to gladden the heart of Horace by this diſcovery; and, late as it was, the indefatigable Miſs Latimer ſallied out to make enquiries at the vacated lodgings which Mrs. Melroſs had occupied. Luckily the poor woman of the houſe had requeſted Mrs. Jervis's addreſs, previous to her leaving Exmouth; as the malicious ſtories which had been ſo induſtriouſly propagated to the diſparagement of her lodgers, had not failed to reach her ears: and as ſhe entirely diſbelieved them, and had been intereſted by the kindneſs with which Mrs. and Miſs Melroſs had treated her, ſhe had hoped by this means to ſilence the tongue of calumny. But where or when is the ſtill voice of humble retirement heard, amidſt the loud and important din of faſhionable notoriety?

 Horace

Horace Fairfax heard his father's extraordinary detail with no little attention. Half acquitted in other eyes, he immediately pronounced the full acquittal of his Angelina; but now the doubts and fears of real affection began to agitate his bosom. How could he be assured that Miss Fitzallan would hear his suit—would let him plead his passion?—As Clara Lawson, never had an expression fallen from her lips, which could be misconstrued, by the most confident of mortals, into the slightest confession of attachment. Her looks, to be sure, and the softened tones of her voice——But were not these inherent in her nature?—Alas! though he had now every thing to hope, he felt that he must still continue for some time in a state of doubt, and he felt it to be a state of misery.

The intelligence which Miss Latimer had gained from the poor woman, and her eulogium on her *ci-devant* lodgers, when communicated to the gentlemen, seemed to require no reflection. Postchaises were instantly ordered;

ordered; all places were alike to the dejected Lauretta, and proceeding with Miſs Latimer to Briſtol in one chaiſe, while Mr. Fairfax and his ſon followed in another, ſhe there waited with Horace Fairfax at an inn, to learn the ſucceſs of their embaſſy to Riverſdale; and though this our hero, Mr. Horace Fairfax, to ſay the truth, has not borne a very conſpicuous part in this buſy ſcene, our drama, yet now would not be the time to exhibit him; for he was not diſpoſed to be the gallant and complaiſant cavalier of the *old ſchool*, any more than the rattling, ſwearing, quizzing buck of the *new*; but in ſilence, and with woful ſighing, with arms folded, and wrinkled brow, he was piercing futurity for the event of his deſtiny.

That the Fates might be propitious to him, was the earneſt wiſh of Lauretta, notwithſtanding his inattention to her (and this is ſaying a vaſt deal for a *French woman*); for though deprived of happineſs herſelf, ſhe was much intereſted for the youthful

Fairfax; and though a ſtranger to Angelina yet ſhe was ready to beſtow her friendſhip on his choice, as ſhe was the favourite of Miſs Latimer. Even the utter diſgrace of her apoſtate huſband, the villain Clifford, ſhe thought ſhe could bear to contemplate, when ſhe reflected on the reſtitution which would, by ſuch means, be awarded to the injured Mrs. Fitzallan.

CHAP. XXII.

THE manner in which Angelina had received Miſs Latimer's delightful narration, and the attention with which ſhe regarded Mr. Fairfax, augured every thing favourable to the hopes of his ſon; while, in his turn,

turn, he was charmed with the *naïveté*, yet modeſt confidence, with the tempered diſcretion and ſprightlineſs, feeling and good ſenſe of that ſon's choice.

Long inured to ſcenes of affliction, Mrs. Fitzallan hailed the day when it became her part to hold up the name of Frederic Fitzallan to the world, free from that ſtigma which had been attached to it. She rejoiced far more at this, than at the riſe to fortune and diſtinction which was attendant on it; and when ſhe thought of the vindictive Catherine—of entering once more into her preſence, from which ſhe had been ſo contumelioufly, ſo barbarouſly driven—when ſhe thought of the retribution hanging over her head, ſhe cried out—

"I cannot do it!—it is too much even for my bittereſt enemy!"

"Oh Madam! you muſt not ſay ſo," ſaid Mr. Fairfax, who had heard the exclamation; "a wretch without the ties of natural affection, who reſigned her whole ſoul up to the dominion of ſelfiſh pride and

and ambition, deſerves no pity, and is juſtly held up to our view, as an awful warning."

"She is my Frederic's ſiſter!" ſighed out Mrs. Fitzallan.

"Yes, and her huſband was his murderer!" ſaid Miſs Latimer haſtily.

"We will ſpare your ſenſibility a ſight of her diſtreſs," ſaid Mr. Fairfax. "Horace and myſelf, furniſhed with the proper documents, and attended by Mr. Sutton, of ——, who was privy to your concealment, and is a man of high profeſſional character, will go to the Caſtle;—the ſooner it is done, the better. I mean to leave you for that purpoſe after breakfaſt."

"No, no, you ſhall not leave us," ſaid Miſs Latimer; "my friends here muſt accompany you. We will all go.—What ſay you, Miſs Maxwell?—All.—My poor Lauretta will want a little enlivening; for, credit me, if you will, Angelina, but I really left her *tête-à-tête* with that moſt inſufferable of all mortals, Horace Fairfax."

Angelina coloured; but ſhe perceived the information which this ſpeech was meant to convey. After a little more diſcuſſion, the plan was conſented to; for Mrs. Fitzallan perceived the neceſſity of her having an interview with Mr. Sutton before he went to the Caſtle: and as Mr. Fairfax was impatient of delay, ſhe ſhould ſave time by meeting him at Briſtol.

Mrs. Fitzallan haſtened to the Rectory; and thanking her kind friends for all their cares, ſhe briefly related the events which had been recently diſcloſed to her, and which had made ſuch a happy change in her own and her child's ſituation. All heard her with intereſt and delight, except Lionel Sutton;—to him the news could not be pleaſing, which told him that Miſs Melroſs was raiſed to a ſtation above his higheſt hopes—which told him that he ſhould loſe her ſociety for ever!—He left the room, while Maria Sutton, burſting into tears, cried out—

"Oh

"Oh Mrs. Melrofs, I wifh that we had never known you! What fhall we do when you are gone? Shall I not fee Mifs Melrofs again?"

"Yes, frequently—often I hope and truft," replied Mrs. Fitzallan; "and ever will fhe remember you with kind affection."

"My child, reftrain your tears; they are weak and felfifh," faid Mr. Sutton. "Ah, Maria, you ftart; but is it you who repine at the happinefs of your friend, at the triumph of this injured lady over the malice of her enemies?—No, no, my child, it cannot be; wipe away your tears, nor needleflly diftrefs us all."

Maria hung her head, but preffed the extended hand of Mrs. Fitzallan to her lips, as fhe gently whifpered—

"Shall I not take leave of dear Mifs Melrofs?"

"Yes, certainly; but Angelina will return to you foon again, and therefore did not think a formal parting neceffary. Of courfe many

many arrangements muſt be made, and a neceſſary period elapſe, ere ſhe takes poſſeſſion of the Caſtle; and the cottage of Riverſdale, which has afforded us a peaceful aſylum in adverſity, ſhall not be wholly deſerted in the firſt giddy moment of proſperity."

Maria Sutton accompanied Mrs. Fitzallan on her return to the cottage, and there took an affectionate leave of Angelina; tempering her regrets as ſhe perceived the force of her father's reaſoning, and had felt conſolation from hearing that they were not quitting Riverſdale entirely.

The travellers ſoon ſet out on their journey, and arrived at Briſtol in ſafety. The meeting of Angelina and Fairfax forcibly proclaimed to their ſurrounding friends, the intereſt which they mutually took in each other's happineſs; but as love is blind, and has been blind time out of mind, doubt ſtill hovered round the breaſt of Horace: and, eager to have it removed, he tempted Angelina to a walk; where, forgetting diſtance and

and time, and overlooking duſt and noiſe, while receiving the confeſſion of his ſuſpicions, and of his deep repentance, Angelina at length ſpoke in her turn, detailed the perſecutions and inſults with which ſhe had been followed by Darnley, and bluſhingly acknowledged that her happineſs could not have been perfect, till reſtored to his good opinion. This declaration was received with tranſport and delight, and they returned home well pleaſed with their walk; though perhaps each had been ſomewhat at a loſs, had a deſcription of the way they had taken, been required of them.

Mr. Sutton arrived from —— the day after Mrs. Fitzallan. This faithful friend was delighted at the news which he had been ſummoned to hear; and eagerly united with Mr. Fairfax in his propoſition of departing for the Caſtle no the following morning.

"Mr. Clifford is at home at preſent, I know," ſaid he. "As his manœuvres are very uncertain, we had better loſe no time."

Lauretta ſighed, and left the room.

"Take

"Take care that you ſpare him not, for my Lauretta's ſake," ſaid Miſs Latimer. "Reproach him with his perfidy—ſhame, confound him, probe him to the quick!"

Mr. Fairfax ſmiled at her warmth; but acknowledged that ſhe had but too much reaſon for it.

CHAP. XXIII.

WE muſt draw a veil over the events about to be recorded in this chapter, leſt, by being too minute, we ſhould leave our readers' minds impreſſed with horror, at the period when we are thinking of bidding them a final adieu.

The

The three gentlemen unexpectedly broke in on the conjugal *tête-à-tête* of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford. Her ſpirit ſmothered by the continual exerciſe of her huſband's brutal dominion, Catherine, the once haughty Catherine, had learned to tremble at a ſhadow. Her countenance fell as ſhe ſaw Mr. Sutton; but ſhe was obliged to perform the honours of the houſe, as, on hearing the name of Fairfax, the aſſured Clifford, culprit-like, hung his head, confounded and aſtoniſhed.

Mr. Fairfax, not eaſily intimidated in the cauſe of *right*, inſtantly opened his miſſion, and related the events which had brought him to the Caſtle. He called upon Catherine to acknowledge herſelf the uſurper of another's rights, although he hoped an ignorant one; and he commanded her to make every reſtitution in her power. All the inherent haughtineſs of her nature was rouſed at this requiſition. Se maddened with fury; ſhe vented the vileſt abuſe on Mr. Fairfax; ſhe called him an impoſtor, and vowed

vowed that no earthly powers ſhould make her yield up her Caſtle—the Caſtle of her anceſtors, to the offspring of the infamous, the deteſted Melroſs! Then, turning to Clifford, ſhe ſaid—

"What! are you dumb Is Clifford appalled at ſuch viſionary tales as theſe? Does he leave his wife to aſſert her cauſe, to defend her rights herſelf?"

"Conſcious that he can have no right to defend them for you—conſcious of the merited opprobrium which will ſoon fall on his guilty head—conſcious of the wicked tiſſue of falſehood, by which he blackened the character of your brother, and ruined the happineſs of his wife, he dares not ſpeak," ſaid Mr. Fairfax.

"How, Sir!—dares not!" cried Clifford, ſternly.

"Dares not!" repeated Mr. Fairfax firmly. "The huſband of Lauretta del Fleura," fixing his eyes on Clifford's quivering countenance, "dares not attempt to juſtify his conduct!"

"How!—

"How!—what!—what is this?" cried Catherine. "Speak—tell me, Clifford? —Husband of whom?—who?—What does this dotard mean?"

"No dotard, Madam! My meaning is founded on facts—on living facts!—Lauretta del Fleura, the unfortunate wife of this wretch, is under the care of friends who have known her injuries, and felt for them, and who, roused——"

"What, Clifford! dumb still!" interrupted Catherine. "Fool—fool that I am! —Is it then so?—and I have sacrificed every thing to one who has deceived me!—Odious monster! base-born peasant!" stamping with her foot at Clifford, "leave me, vile reptile—begone, or clear thyself!"

"My conduct cannot want clearing to you," answered he; "for suppose it dark as the black abyss, 'tis light, 'tis noonday to thine own! Woman, I detest thee!"

"That I have long since known," said Catherine; "and hear me——"

"Stop,

"Stop, Madam," ſaid Mr. Fairfax; "give over uſeleſs recrimination and accuſations. Reflect on the errors of your paſt life, and be aſſured in Miſs Fitzallan's benevolence."

"Stop—ſtop thy blaſting tongue!—I'll hear no more—it is too much! My brain burns with fire!—Hell's hotteſt plagues follow thy words!" cried Catherine, furiouſly clenching her fiſts, and grinding her teeth in agony.

She was ruſhing out of the room. Mr. Fairfax would have detained her; but with a diabolical ſcream, and with frenzied ſwiftneſs, ſhe eluded him. At the ſame moment Clifford eſcaped by another door; and after repeated meſſages, not being able to prevail on either of them to return, and hearing that Catherine had locked herſelf in her cloſet, and denied admittance to every one, ſeeing no good to be done by a longer ſtay, the gentlemen left the Caſtle, and paſſed the night at Mr. Sutton's.

The light of day uſhered in dreadful intelligence. Catherine had periſhed by her

own

own hand, and quitted exiftence in agonies which exceed defcription.

Clifford had made ufe of the confternation which this dire event had occafioned at the Caftle, and had abfconded; taking with him all the valuables which he could collect.

The return of the ladies to their cottage was marked by a melancholy gloom, although attended by their friends, and furrounded, as it fhould feem, by perfect happinefs; but the dreadful conclufion of Catherine's exiftence had affected them too deeply, to recover the tone of their minds, even at the period when they difcerned a bright perfpective gradually opening to their view.

In again meeting Mifs Fitzallan, Lionel Sutton tried to recover his former calm content. Unreferved and unfufpicious, Mrs. Fitzallan had communicated her daughter's profpects to their common friend, the Rector, who rejoiced at her promifed happinefs, and

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saw the traces of an allwise Providence in the reward of virtue.

Trying to imitate his father in contemplating the happiness of Angelina, though independent of his own, Lionel 'never told his love;' and when recalled to his ship, his farewell was steady, though fervent, and accompanied with prayers for her who deserved every blessing. And though the artless Maria had watched her brother's looks, had marked each sigh, and had discovered their source; yet seeing that Miss Fitzallan was engaged, and knowing that her affections were placed on Horace Fairfax, she never ventured to plead for "poor Lionel," though the tone in which those two words were repeated, had frequently vibrated on one susceptible heart.

Three months elapsed after the death of Catherine, ere Mrs. and Miss Fitzallan took possession of the Castle. The faithful Jervis had been dispatched before them to reinstate the household in its former privileges, and

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to make every thing wear, as nearly as possible, its pristine appearance. For to the soul of genuine feeling and virtue, so dear is the remembrance of departed worth and goodness, and so dread a contemplation is the reverse, that while every remnant was collected that could remind the happy mother and daughter of Sir Hugh, of Lady Fitzallan, and of Frederic, the strictest care was used to throw a veil of darkness and silence over each memorial of the unhappy Catherine, and her guilty paramour.

In new-found happiness and affluence, Angelina neglected not her former friends. To place Miss Maxwell above the miseries of dependance was her first act. She purchased for her the cottage at Riversdale, and settled on her an annuity of one hundred *per annum*; and in such a manner, with such delicacy did she do it, that she almost persuaded Jemima that she had herself received the obligation, while she rivetted the gratitude of Maria Sutton, by securing to her so invaluable a companion.

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In watching the beneficent actions of her child, Mrs. Fitzallan felt her fondest wishes realized; and blessed Heaven, who had disposed her heart alike to bear the shafts of adversity and the whirlwind of prosperity, with modesthumility.

Horace Fairfax was not long estranged from the Castle. His father followed him there, and matters were soon arranged for his becoming its master. But previous to this, Mrs. Fitzallan insisted on retiring to her long-occupied dwelling in the park. Angelina and Horace remonstrated, but she would admit of no appeal.

"Let me, at that short distance, quietly contemplate your happiness, my children, and indulge my solitary habits; a nearer view of it would confuse me.—Your situation demands an association with the world, and you must be frequently engaged in parties which would weary and distract my worn-out frame. I shall always remember that half an hour will give me the presence

of my Angelina; and her ſtep will ever be hailed with tranſport, as ſhe approaches the cottage."

The eſtate which Sir Herbert Manwaring had agreed to purchaſe, ſtill remained on ſale. Mr. Fairfax bought it in his brother's name; and finding it a pleaſant reſidence, as being contiguous to his children, he lived there entirely, reſolving to relinquiſh it at Sir Herbert's return to England. But, alas! that return is no longer expected.—The ruined gameſter has periſhed in a foreign clime, "unknown, unhonoured;" and affords an awful leſſon of the danger which attends the indulgence of *one* vicious propenſity.

Lionel Sutton is again returned to Riverſdale, having obtained a ſhort leave of abſence; and, linked in Maria's arm, he every evening bends his courſe to the cottage of Miſs Maxwell. From converſing of Angelina, they have inſenſibly found out that their ſentiments agree on almoſt every ſubject; and it is rumoured that, ſhould the brave

brave ſailor return once more in ſafety, he will take up his abode at the cottage inſtead of the Rectory: and ſhould this be the caſe, we truſt this young couple will form another example to the numerous ones which have preceded them (ſpite of romance), of the conqueſt over the heart, and the victory over ſelf, which can be gained where reſolution and reaſon are brought to aid the combat.

Darnley has not ſhewn his face in the *beaumonde* ſince his diſcomfiture at Riverſdale; for having betted a thouſand pounds with an *eclipſe* in gallantry, that he would produce Angelina Melroſs on *the town* that ſeaſon, and being taught by her conduct and her brave defender's language, that her virtue would not be vulnerable, or want a protector, he left Riverſdale in no very good humour; and being called on for the payment of his debt of honour, in a paroxyſm of deſpair, he curſed all the fair ſex, vowed eternal enmity to beauty, and cutting off

his hair, put on a furious red caxon, in hopes to diſguiſe thoſe charms which he had hitherto found too ſucceſsful. But even here he was foiled. A City heireſs has fallen in love with his auburn locks, as ſhe terms them; and he is on the eve of uniting his fate with that of a ſpinſter of fifty-ſix, plain and ignorant, with as much peeviſhneſs, ſpite, and rancour in her temper as will puniſh him for all the pangs he has heretofore inflicted.

Miſs Latimer and Lauretta ſtill reſide together. The livelineſs of the one forms a happy contraſt to the penſive character of the other. They viſit frequently at Fitzallan Caſtle; and Lauretta ſtrives to forget the birthplace of Clifford, while enjoying the ſociety of Mrs. Fairfax's mother.

Clifford has never been heard of ſince that night when he fled from his furious helpmate; and it is ſurmiſed that he has taken his crimes to a neighbouring country, to which they are better adapted

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than to this ſoil of manly freedom and virtue.

And now a word or two of our happy heroine. Purified by the trials ſhe has paſſed through, ſhe is not intoxicated with her preſent happineſs, but conſtantly remembers that this "world is not her abiding place." As a dutiful daughter and affectionate wife, a tender friend, a kind miſtreſs, ſhe is unexceptionable; and the whole neighbourhood join in bleſſing the name of Fairfax: for, far removed from the falſe pomp of Catherine, Angelina dropped the family appellation, for the more obſcure name of her huſband; yet venerating the memory of her father, and ſighing at the remembrance of his fate, ſhe deſired that her infant boy might be called after him: and while giving him the name at the font, of his maternal grandfather, his paternal one prayed Heaven to award him a fairer deſtiny.

We have once before apologized about our hero; but if our readers will take him

upon

upon trust, we will assure them he pro[illegible] to be every thing they can wish; and though he may not have distinguished himself on our canvas, yet Angelina seems as well pleased with him, as if he had mounted the highest summit of fashionable notoriety. As she has condescended to take him *for better for worse*, so must we, even though the better and the worse should never reach our ears. Mrs. Fairfax pertly says that the latter never can, but that the former might reach us every minute.

THE CONCLUSION.

Farewell, reader! Whether Cath[illegible] be, or be not an ideal character, fits not th[illegible] to know; but *this* it fits us all to kno[illegible] that overweening *ambition* and *self-importance* have no bounds, but fearlessly clim[illegible] on till with a tremendous crash they fall, ar[illegible]

overwhelmed in ruin, and ſerve to "point a moral, or adorn a tale," and are then forgotten.

"I am a powerful, but a paſſing ſtorm,
"That ſoon ſhall be forgotten."

JOANNA BAILLIE'S ETHWALD.

FINIS.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.